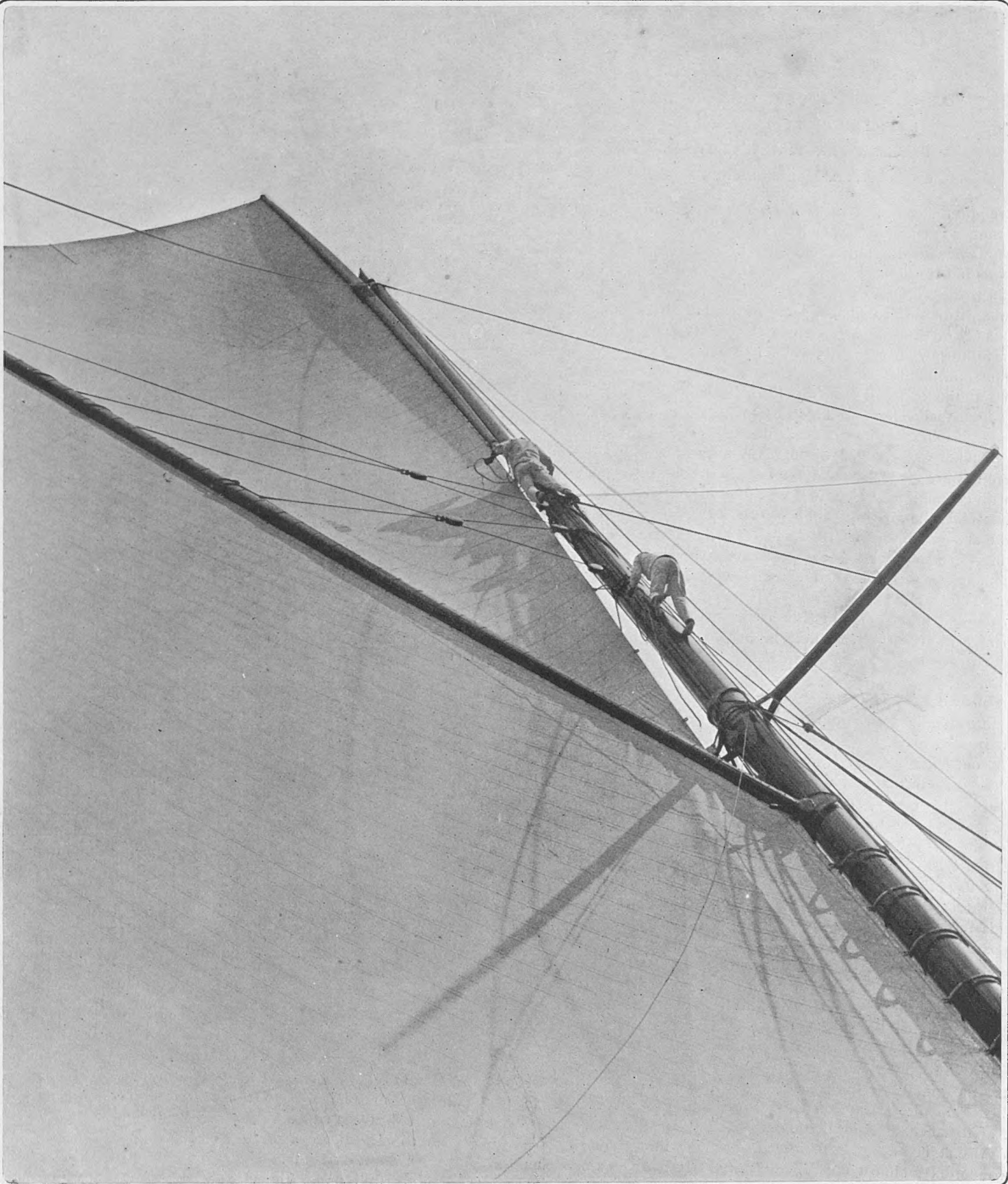


The Sketch

No. 910.—Vol. LXX.

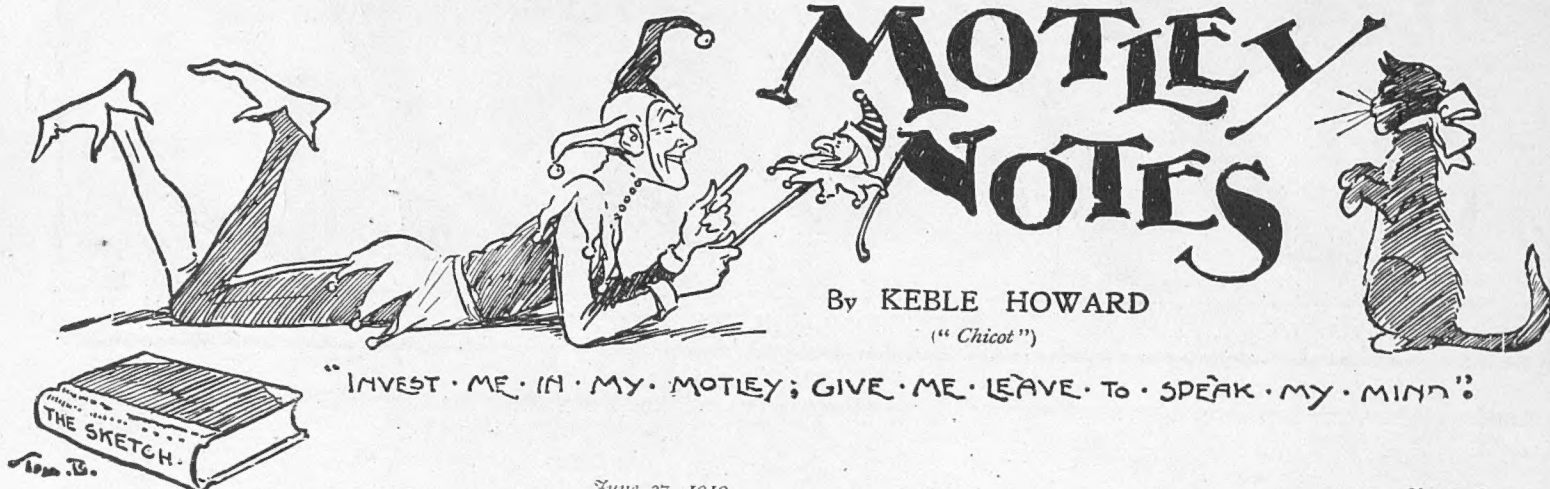
WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



A GIDDY TASK: SAILORS IN THE RIGGING ABOARD THE "SHAMROCK" DURING THE FORTY-TWO MILE RACE BETWEEN THE "SHAMROCK" AND THE "WHITE HEATHER."

A most excellent race, a feature of the Clyde fortnight, took place the other day over a course of forty-two miles between the "Shamrock" and the "White Heather." The result was a win for the "Shamrock." The finish was very close.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



June 27, 1910.
 THE PERFECT AIR-SHIP AT LAST!
 ABSOLUTE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.
 EVERYBODY IN ECSTASIES.
 "SAFER THAN RAILWAY-TRAIN."

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ON BOARD.)

THE struggle that has cost the world so dearly both in human lives and in money is ended at last! The air has been conquered! Man rules supreme in the upper elements! Henceforth let all the scoffers be put to silence! The battle has been fought to a finish, and Man is the Victor!

It was with an indescribable sense of elation that I boarded the luxurious car of the swaying monster. I felt at once that I had been travelling by air-ship all my life. Imagine a rich saloon, all mahogany and upholstering, with deep armchairs everywhere and a little bar at the end. It was the little bar, as much as anything, that made us feel at home. This was to be no cruise of hardship, of egg-sandwiches hastily snatched from a piece of crumpled newspaper, of muddy ale sucked through the neck of a chipped bottle. We were to have a regular meal on board, served by a deft attendant, with coffee, liqueurs, and cigars to follow. "How," one asked oneself, "could the air-ship fall?"

We had something quickly—just to make sure that we were not dreaming—and then looked out of the richly wrought windows. A vast concourse of people had assembled to witness our majestic ascent. The great aerial monster—"King of the Air," as I immediately dubbed him—tugged at his leashes as though impatient to be up and away into the ethereal blue. The regiment of men holding us to earth seemed childishly unequal to the task of restraining that proud spirit.

But now our commander gives the word to let go. The men obey. Earth falls away from us. The noise of cheering grows fainter in our ears. We are indeed off. The country below spreads out like a vast, iridescent, translucent, kaleidoscopic, incandescent, cinematographic, coralliferous, cornigerous, quadrigeminous, pyrometrical, extrorsal map. The waiter, in the meantime, is laying the lunch.

We sit down to it. We forget that we are moving. We forget that Earth is a thousand, perhaps five thousand feet below us. We forget everything, except that we are lords of the air. We feel that we shall never, never die, but just go sailing on like this for ever. In our hearts, of course, we know that that is impossible, our supply of petrol being limited. But we do not think of petrol at such a moment as this. It is an occasion for champagne.

Somebody springs to his feet and proposes a toast. We all spring to our feet and propose toasts. The waiter is delighted. We club together and give him a mark. Somebody photographs the waiter. We all photograph each other.

Still the giant monster speeds on his way. We have already travelled a hundred miles, or perhaps two hundred. We cease to think of distance. Man will no longer think of distance.

We rise at last from the table and stroll to the windows. We are wonderfully, almost appallingly, witty. It is the exhilarating quality of the air combined with the salad.

Soon, too soon, we are at the end of our journey. We sink sweetly and easily to earth. We are received by the Mayor and Corporation in their robes of office. We are all gods, and treated accordingly. We have, once for all, mastered the air. The winds of heaven are now our slaves. Good.

June 28, 1910.
 AIR-SHIP A TOTAL WRECK.
 KICKED ABOUT IN GREAT GALE LIKE FOOTBALL.
 CRASHES DOWN INTO FOREST.
 EVERY GLASS ON BOARD SMASHED TO ATOMS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

A TERRIBLE and most extraordinary thing has happened. Contrary to all expectations and beliefs, the great air-ship, whose first trip I described to you yesterday in the most glowing language at my command, has come to utter grief. The "King of the Air" lies on his back in the middle of a forest, with fir-trees sticking out of all the windows. Who, I demand, would have thought it?

We left the earth at eight-thirty in the morning, fully anticipating another awfully jolly ride and plenty of speeches. There was a goodish wind blowing, but we did not care a rush for that. The waiter said it would be all right as soon as we got up a bit, and his calmness communicated itself to the captain and crew.

Gradually, however, it was borne in upon us that all was not well with the "King of the Air." We discovered, from the angle of the table, that the vast monster was trying to stand on his head. We were not frightened, but we expressed a hope that he would soon right himself. The waiter said that he had not the slightest doubt about it.

At that moment the "King of the Air" gave him the lie by turning round with extreme rapidity four times. Our glasses were dashed from our hands, and we were waltzed from side to side of the mahogany saloon in a manner far from dignified. The waiter was shot under a luxurious couch and could not be found for nearly three-quarters of an hour.

To make matters worse, the atmosphere was now nimberous. I held my hand before my face and discovered, to the dismay of all present, that I could not see it. The joyous cries of some school-children in a playground below rose to our ears. Hastily we scribbled postcards imploring help and flung them from the windows. *No help came.*

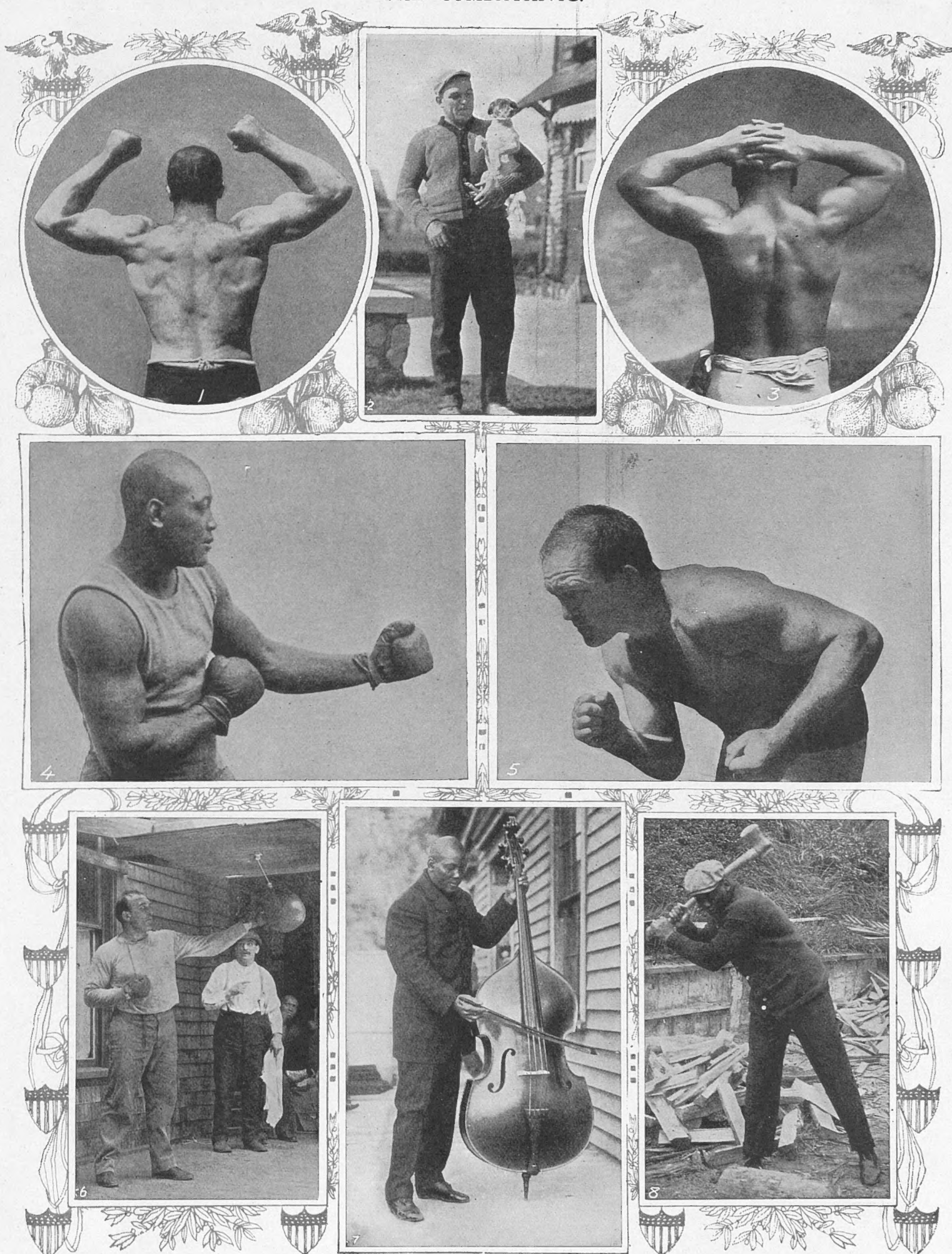
Now the captain entered and asked for volunteers. It had occurred to him that if a dozen of us would kindly make a human chain from the rear end of the writhing monster, the man nearest earth might be able to grab hold of a steeple or chimney-stack. Taking him at his word, we proceeded to lower the waiter by a rope swiftly improvised from napkins.

The next thing that happened was a complete surprise, not only to me, but, I imagine, to all my companions. A forest of fir-trees flew at us from nowhere, and caught us in its umbrageousness. No longer were we ultramundane. On the contrary, most of us were umbraculiform.

The "King of the Air," as one of my companions had rashly dubbed the unwieldy monster in a moment of enthusiasm, looked awfully silly. One of the luxurious arm-chairs was perched on the very summit of a fir-tree, the waiter sitting in it. I counted four hundred broken plates. Sandwiches were everywhere; it looked as though the heavens had been snowing sandwiches.

The captain made a little speech, in which he thanked us for our pleasant company. He said that the air-ship had behaved exceedingly well under the circumstances, a fact which we were too hurt to deny. Whatever the ultimate result of these interesting experiments, there can be little doubt that the air is a more treacherous element than has hitherto been supposed. Personally, I have taken a violent dislike to it. I now sleep on the ground floor, with all the windows hermetically sealed.

WHITE AND BLACK: THE GREAT JEFFRIES-JOHNSON FIGHT— THE COMBATANTS.



1. JEFFRIES, SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIS BACK AND ARM MUSCLES.

2. JEFFRIES AND HIS FAVOURITE DOG, DEWEY.

3. JOHNSON, SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIS BACK AND ARM MUSCLES.

4. JACK JOHNSON.

5. JIM JEFFRIES.

6. JEFFRIES AT THE PUNCHING-BAG DURING TRAINING.

7. JOHNSON AS A MUSICIAN.

8. JOHNSON CHOPPING WOOD WHILE IN TRAINING.

The great Jeffries-Johnson fight was fixed to take place at Reno, Nevada, on Monday last. For the first time in the history of the prize ring, accommodation was made for women spectators. This took the form of boxes, with a private entrance, screened from the other observers, but having a splendid view of the ring. The contest was for the boxing championship of the world, the prize being a purse of £20,000, of which the winner takes 75 per cent. and the loser 25 per cent. The cinematograph pictures of the fight were sold some time ago for £40,000, to be equally divided between the combatants and the promoter. Altogether, the winner thus receives about £28,480, and the loser £18,380, the promoter getting about £40,000. Jeffries, who is thirty-five, made his first appearance in the ring since 1904. For eighteen months he had been busy reducing his weight and getting into training. Jeffries, it is said, trained to fight for an hour and a half; while Johnson believed that he could stop his opponent within twenty rounds. At least £50,000 was paid for seats. It was decided to search all spectators for pistols on their arrival to take their seats, although disturbances were not feared.

Photographs by the Sports Company and the Pictorial News Company.

MRS. ALFRED LYTTTELTON'S "MASQUE OF SHAKESPEARE":
PLAYERS IN LORD LONDESBOROUGH'S GARDEN AT ST. DUNSTAN'S, REGENT'S PARK.



1. "THE MASQUE OF SHAKESPEARE": A SCENE FROM THE HON. MRS. ALFRED LYTTTELTON'S PHANTASY.

2. MISS MARTIN HARVEY AS ROSALIND.

3. MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH AS PUCK.

4. MISS MARY LYTTTELTON AS OBERON.

5. MISS FRANCES TENNANT AS POETRY, AND MISS RUTH LYSER AS FANCY.

6. MISS ELIZABETH ASQUITH AS PUCK AND MISS BARBARA JEKYL AS TITANIA.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's masque was produced in the garden at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, in aid of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre. Amongst those who appeared, in addition to those whose photographs we give, may be mentioned Lady Beerbohm Tree (Fame), Miss Lilian Braithwaite (Comedy), Miss Lillah McCarthy (Tragedy), Miss Joan Balfour (Ophelia), and Lady Eileen Wellesley (Kitty Clive). Miss Ellen Terry was to have appeared as Drama, but on the day of the first performance there was such a downpour of rain that the masque was abandoned before it was time for her to appear.

Photograph No. 1 by Topical; 3, by Ulllyett; the remainder by the Sports Company.

IF YOU WANT TO EARN SOME TIME THROW A POLICEMAN!

THE JU-JITSU SUFFRAGETTE SHOWS HOW A POLICEMAN MAY BE TACKLED.



1. THE POLICEMAN ATTEMPTS TO ARREST THE SUFFRAGETTE.
3. A HAND-LOCK FROM A PUNCH.
5. THE POLICEMAN IS THROWN, AFTER THE SCISSORS.

2. AND THE SUFFRAGETTE PROMPTLY FORMS THE SCISSORS.
4. THE POLICEMAN KEPT DOWN BY AN ARM-LOCK ACROSS THE KNEE.
6. PUTTING A LOCK ON THE POLICEMAN.

By courtesy of Mrs. Garrud, the well-known Suffragette and practiser of ju-jitsu, we are able to show how an ultra-militant Suffragette skilled in the art of Japanese wrestling might dispose of a policeman did she so wish. Only the other day, by arrangement, Mrs. Garrud met two policemen on the mat. She is four foot ten, and the first constable tackled weighed nearly thirteen stone—yet he was thrown in less than ten seconds. The second policeman won his bout. It should be explained that those Suffragettes who learn ju-jitsu do not do so with any idea of scrimmaging with the police, but they feel that it is good that they should know how to protect themselves, and, if necessary, throw "unpleasant young men" out of their meetings.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by the Sports Company.

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famed Fountain's Abbey.
It is also an excellent Motoring, Golfing, Shooting, Fox and Otter Hunting, Fishing and
Boating Centre.
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Baths, Reclining Hot Sulphur Baths, Reclining Cold Sulphur Baths, Electric Immersion Baths,
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"cures" have been effected, and invalids rapidly regain health.
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of 16 acres, accommodating 100 Guests. Private access to Spacious Pump Room and Spa Baths.
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"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of
the shortage in the Army, where the four-footed warrior is still an
essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long,
however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of
the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat
the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those
who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult
Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission
agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit"
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By WADHAM PEACOCK

THE MAJESTIC ACTRESS.

(There is, trouble, brewing in the theatrical world, owing to the large number of tall, majestic actresses, and the equally large number of small actors or actor-managers who persist in playing heroic parts.)

Ethel is an actress of the lengthy-limbed variety,

Like Rosalind, she boasts that she is more than common tall: She is much admired by authors who write plays about Society And do not care for heroines inordinately small.

But (now here comes the tragic part) although her popularity Has made her (see Press Notices) the darling of the age, She passes her existence in provincial insularity,

And London never gets a chance to see her on the stage.



For, sad to say, the hero in the theatre's exiguous,

And the argument he fancies irresistible is this—

His admirers in the Circle would consider it ambiguous

If he had to stand on tiptoe every time he snatched a kiss.

So Ethel still is resting in the hope that some irrational

Enthusiasts, before she's past her prime, will realise

Their dream about a theatre Shakespearean and National,

Where heroes are heroic both in genius and in size.

The Birthday honours are out; an American "University" has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon the Brothers Wright, and Little Tich has been given

the Palmes Académiques by the French Government. Really, the only distinguished persons left are those without some inappropriate decoration.

Sir Thomas Lipton says that bacon has now become a luxury instead of a staple food, owing to the increase in price. And this, too, when bacon has just been discovered to be the best thing for the complexion.

A mountain of solid gold has been discovered at Stewart, British Columbia,

and everyone is rushing off to chip off a chunk.

"The exact locality of Stewart," adds the telegram with subtle humour, "is not known at present."

Mr. Roosevelt has now become a poster, at a salary of £6000 a year, on the walls of the New York Outlook. Every nation has its own notions of dignity.

A Bill has been introduced into the French Chamber providing for the dismissal of all Municipal and Government employés who are not married by the age of twenty-five. As seven Frenchmen out of ten are said to be public servants, there will soon be no bachelors left except in farces, where they are indispensable.



From Paris. The Minister of Marine has ordered the suppression of kettle-drums in the French Navy, as they no longer serve any useful purpose. What an absurd reason!

We are asked to drop a tear because in the Mile End there are countless numbers of children who do not know the difference between a rose and a daisy. But let us reserve a whimper for the equally sad case of the poor little creatures in the depths of the country who actually do not know the difference between a music-hall and a cinema.

THE NEW RUBAIYAT.

(A New York centenarian advises people who wish to live long to [drink plenty of wine, beer, and whisky; not to think too much, and to smoke as much as they like.]

Drink deep of whisky, deep of wine, of beer;

Stretch not thy brain with thinking; never fear

To let tobacco while away the day,

And thou shalt celebrate thy hundredth year.

But what of Her? what of old Omar's "Thou"?

Has She no place beneath the modern bough?

Without her song, or its equivalent,

E'en Paradise were Wilderness enow.

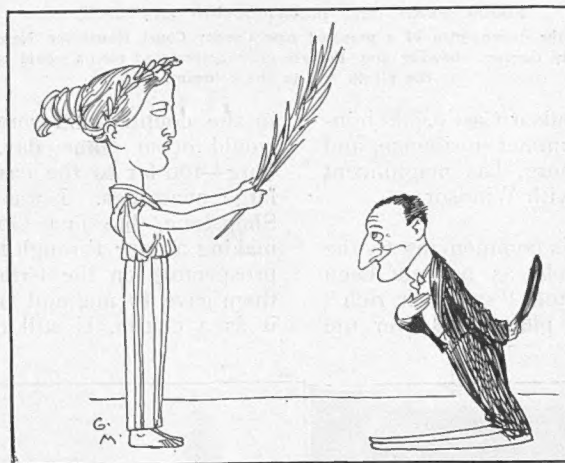
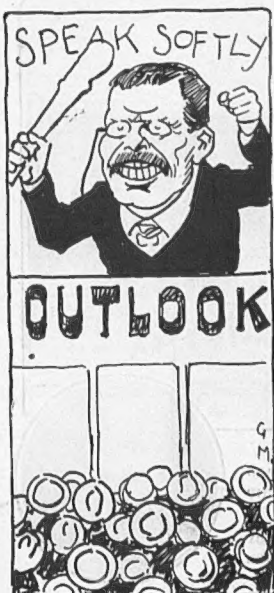
American papers are calling Mrs. Roosevelt "the silent one," and complaining that she never speaks. How can she? She never gets a chance.

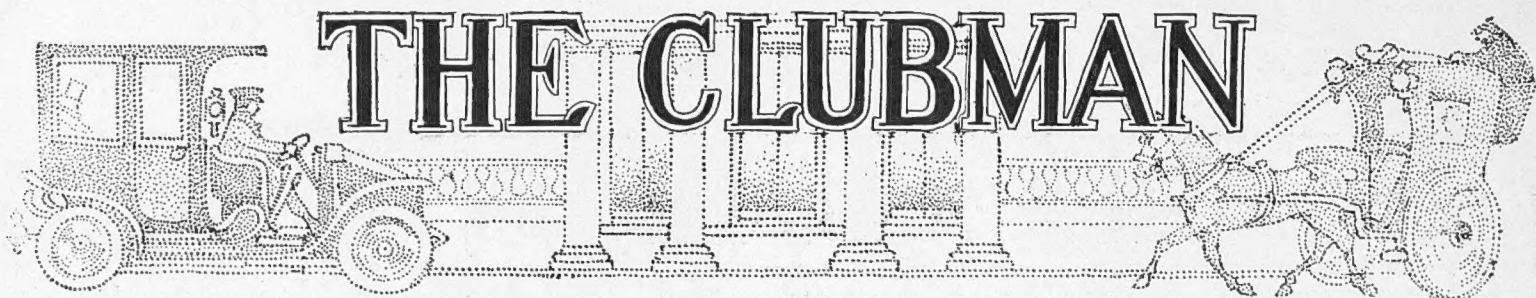
Londoners, it appears, like their salmon bright red, and do not care for the light-pink variety. Civilisation and aniline dyes will probably see that they are satisfied.

"One young woman, who attracted a good deal of attention," says a telegram about the Grand Prix, "wore a combination of white and gold, which, from the waist down, closely resembled the costume worn by Turkish ladies." On the other hand, the initiated tell us that the costume worn by Turkish ladies, from the waist down, closely resembles a combination.

A lady in a New York hotel has been taking baths of cold tea. Why this miserable penury? The truly smart always bathe in champagne. Still, Gotham seems a very appropriate name for the hotel.

A Frenchman has discovered an infallible cure for burglars. You have only to fasten a phonograph to the handle of the front door, so that when a burglar breaks in he will fancy that a concert is going on, and run away. So now all that we have to do is to train up our little burglars to come in at the front door and not at the back window, and there you are.





The Ugliest Palace in Europe.

Buckingham Palace, the great soot-stained house which stands at the top of the Mall, is very generally said to be the ugliest palace in Europe; but this is not the fact. I know at least one that is uglier. The King of Norway's palace at Christiania resembles a miniature copy of Buckingham Palace, with a very ugly portico added to it. It would probably be better to pull down the whole of the east face and rebuild it in some more lasting material than Bath stone than to cobble away at it. The garden face of Buckingham Palace is handsome, and the private rooms on this side, which were occupied by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, are such pleasant apartments that to rebuild them would not be of advantage. The stables and the southern side of the Palace do not offend the eye, and it is really only that black-faced eastern front which the nation should rebuild.

The Country Palaces of Europe.

If Buckingham Palace is the ugly duckling amongst town palaces of Europe, our King has in Windsor quite the noblest of the country palaces. If Versailles had remained a palace, and had not been converted into a picture-gallery and museum, it might have retained its right to be considered the most beautiful of all country palaces. Potsdam is very fine, and its gardens—which stretch from the new palace out beyond the smaller house which Frederick the Great built alongside the windmill—are beautiful, but it has not the majesty of Windsor Castle. Schönbrunn, near Vienna, is a delightful place of summer residence, and the Park at Krasnoe-Szelo, near St. Petersburg, has magnificent fountains, but its palace cannot be compared with Windsor.

The Gold Rush.

Apparently, such a rush is commencing to the British Columbian goldfield as has not been known since the days when the first prospectors "struck it rich" in California. Then the journey across the plains and over the

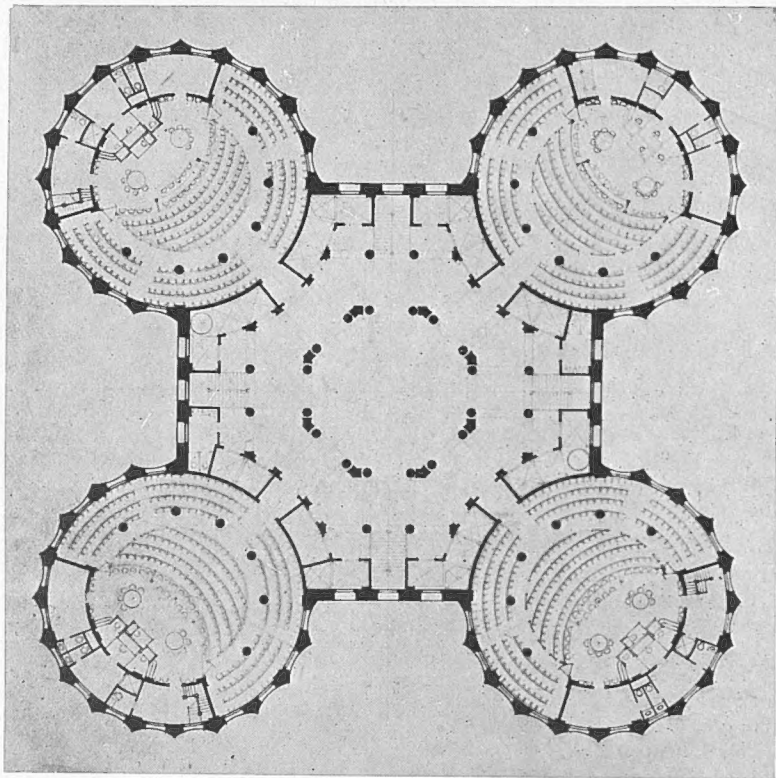
Rockies to reach El Dorado was a perilous matter. "See Pike's Peak or bust" was the heroic motto which some of the earlier prospectors painted on their wagon tents, Pike's Peak being the snow-clad giant of the Great Divide. There were perils from Mormon Avenging Angels, and perils from Indians, and perils from hunger and thirst.

The men who are flocking from all parts of the world towards Stewart will have none of these perils to encounter. The journey to Montreal and over the continent to Vancouver, and up to Port Simpson, is as simple as an excursion to the Mediterranean, and costs rather less, for a steerage passenger travelling third class on the Canadian Railway can accomplish his journey for twenty pounds. The hundred miles from Port Simpson to Stewart should present no difficulty to any man with strong legs, and with sufficient determination to "hump his swag" and walk the distance.

Locating the Reef.

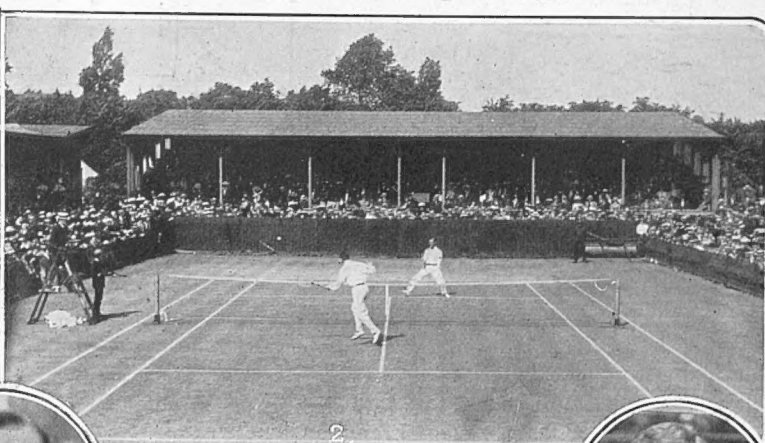
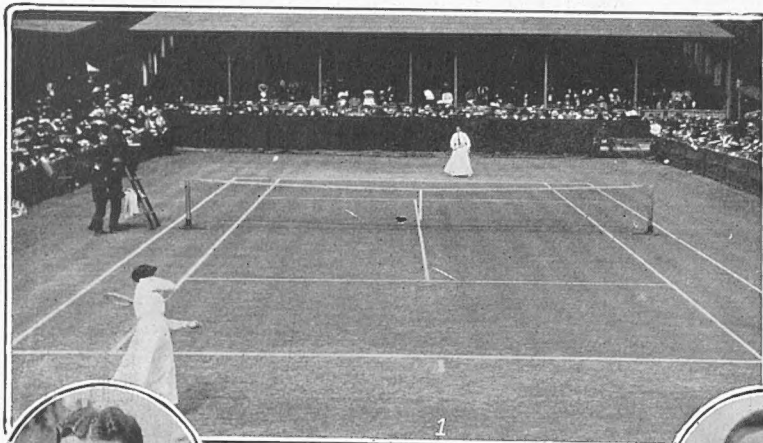
There have been for several years at Stewart prospectors who were sure that gold in great quantities was to be found somewhere near, but who could not locate the reef from which all the streams obtained the gold to be found in their beds. It has always been so. I was in the Transvaal many years before the great find of gold on the reef, and rode often enough over the farms below the soil of which lay the gold, going from Pretoria to Potchefstroom.

There were prospectors then in the country who were all quite sure that a great find of gold would occur some day, but who were looking for it at Lydenburg—too far to the east. They found gold, but not in any really large quantities. I was once on escort duty to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the first Governor of the Transvaal, when he was making a tour through the land, and visited a little camp of these prospectors on the Crocodile River. A tiny nugget which one of them gave to me, and on to which I had a ring soldered to use it as a charm, is still one of my treasured possessions.



A PROPOSED NEW COUNTY COURT HOUSE FOR NEW YORK: A GROUND-FLOOR PLAN (SEE ILLUSTRATION OPPOSITE).

We here give the ground-plan of a proposed new County Court House for New York, by Mr. James Reily Gordon, showing how the various chambers and rooms would be placed in the plinth and in the columns.



1. MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS (WINNER) SERVING TO MISS E. G. JOHNSON IN THE FINAL FOR THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

3. MR. BEALS C. WRIGHT, WHO WAS DEFEATED BY MR. A. F. WILDING IN THE FINAL FOR THE SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP.

5. MR. A. F. WILDING, WHO WON THE SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP BY DEFEATING MR. A. W. GORE IN THE CHALLENGE ROUND.

2. MR. A. F. WILDING (WINNER) AND MR. BEALS C. WRIGHT IN THE SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL AT WIMBLEDON.

4. MR. A. W. GORE, WHO WAS DEFEATED BY MR. A. F. WILDING IN THE CHALLENGE ROUND OF THE SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP.

LAWN TENNIS AT WIMBLEDON: PLAYERS AND PLAY.

In the Final of the Singles Championship, Mr. A. F. Wilding beat Mr. Beals C. Wright, and so won the right to meet Mr. A. W. Gore, the holder of the title, in the Challenge Round. In this round he beat Mr. Gore (6-4, 7-5, 4-6, 6-2). In the Final of the Ladies' Championship, Mrs. Lambert Chambers beat Miss E. G. Johnson, and thus qualified to meet Miss D. Boothby, the holder, in the Challenge Round. Eventually, Mrs. Lambert Chambers beat Miss D. Boothby (6-2, 6-2).—[Photographs by the Sports Company.]

FOUR GREAT PILLARS AS A COURT HOUSE 1064 FT. HIGH.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MODEL FOR A BUILDING: A PROPOSED NEW COUNTY COURT HOUSE
FOR NEW YORK—NOT A MEMORIAL.

Mr. James Reilly Gordon, a well-known architect of New York, suggests that the new County Court House of New York, which is to be erected in City Hall Park, shall take the form shown in the model here reproduced. We have placed the model in a "Sketch" setting, for greater effect. One or two measurements may be given—it being understood all through that this particular form of Court House is a suggestion, not yet an accepted fact. The building would consist of four great Doric pillars, each 520 feet high and 65 feet in diameter, on a plinth 24 feet high. The whole building would be 1064 feet high. In the plinth and at the base of the column would be housed various officers of the court; the shafts of the column would contain sixty circular court chambers, etc; the pedestal that would support the statue of Justice would be 144 feet high and contain the Judges' chambers. Fuller particulars will be found in an article elsewhere in this Number.

(SEE OPPOSITE.)

SMALL TALK

PRINCE Francis of Teck is more than pleased with the response made in certain quarters to his hospital appeal. One section of the community has come forward nobly, and that is the Jewish section. The association of Prince Francis of Teck's name with the hospitals reminds one that his mother, the late Princess Mary Adelaide, had at one time a strong ambition to be a hospital nurse. But if her ambition was strong, Queen Victoria's opposition was overpowering. Often used the Princess to recall the "bucketfuls of tears" she shed because, at the time, Queen Victoria thought the profession an improper one for her cousin.

The Westminster Dukedom. The Duchess of Westminster, shortly before the birth of her daughter, had been staying with her parents at Newlands, Lymington, where



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (JULY 6TH): MR. EDMOND BURY AND MISS IDA BATTYE.

Miss Ida Battye is the only daughter of Mr. Montagu Battye, of 29, Sloane Court; Mr. Bury, the son of Mr. Entwistle Bury, of 12, Rutland Gate, and Inverliever, Loch Awe.—(Photographs by Beresford and Val l'Estrange).

of her "Priscilla" at the Haymarket, describes in the best of her books how quickly a diner on reformed fare may forget that he has dined at all. That is why some vegetarians persist in their creed only for a few days, or hours, and why Herbert Spencer returned to his chop after a few weeks of absence. The latest score for the movement is that Mr. Rolls flies so well on the rather fugitive sustenance advocated by Mr. Miles. He eats his egg, and then joins the larks or the seagulls with a strong sense of brotherhood.

Vegetarians. The movement is growing enormously, especially, it is solemnly stated, among the titled classes. As a matter of fact, the large number of noble vegetarians is but a symptom of a general increase of vegetarianism. The strawberry-leaf is no more the emblem of food reform than the Socialist's red necktie. Naturally, when the Duchess of Portland purges her menu of meat, the cause receives

a better advertisement than when a Bayswater consumer does the same thing. But even the Duchess and such keenly interested persons as Lady Warwick and Lady Harborton are reluctant to be too fiercely loyal to their convictions. It needs the courage of Mr. Bernard Shaw to insist on a meal of nuts and macaroni in the face of hostesses who pride themselves on an accomplished chef.

Mrs. Ayrton. Mr. Gerald Gould, the author of many commended verses, and an essay on poetry that is none the less good for being a prize essay, is to be congratulated on his engagement to Miss Ayrton, the daughter of Mrs. Hertha Ayrton, and the sister of Miss Edith Ayrton, who, when she married, leapt from one end of the alphabet to the other, and became Mrs. Zangwill. Mrs. Ayrton is a scientist hardly less distinguished than



LADY ALEXANDRA PALMER (FORMERLY LADY ALEXANDRA CARRINGTON), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON THURSDAY LAST.

Lady Alexandra, whose marriage to Mr. William Llewellyn Palmer took place on the 30th, is the second of Lord Carrington's five daughters. She was born in 1881. Her eldest sister is Lady Nunburnholme. Another sister is Viscountess Lewisham; another, Viscountess Bury. The youngest is only seventeen.

Photograph by Lafayette.

the Solent offers its spacious expanse to the Duke's motor-launches. In one of these the Duchess passed many peaceful hours before she came to London for the event that might have provided a desired son and heir. As it is, Lord Arthur Grosvenor, who is nearly twenty years older than the Duke, is still the heir-presumptive to the dukedom, and must still observe with a doubled interest the additions to his nephew's family. For himself he has, of course, neither expectation nor ambition in regard to succession, but as the father of a boy of fifteen his desire to see his nephew consoled for the loss of his only son must sometimes be fluttered with other speculations.

Burying the Butcher's Hatchet. Vegetarianism every day gains new recruits, and every day relinquishes some backslider to the butcher. Countess Arnim, who has been in London watching the production,



MARRIED ON SATURDAY LAST: THE COUNT AND COUNTESS GLEICHEN.

Before her marriage on Saturday, Countess Gleichen was the Hon. Sylvia Edwardes. She was a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra, and is a daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Henry Edwardes. Colonel Albert Edward Wilfred, Count Gleichen is the only son of the late Admiral Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and Miss Laura Seymour, and was born in London in 1863. For the past three years he has been A.D.M.O. at the War Office.—(Photographs by Lillie Charles and Lafayette.)



BARONESS VON DER ROPP (FORMERLY MISS RUTH FISHER), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY LAST.

The Baroness is the youngest daughter of the late Albert Bulteel Fisher and of Mrs. Fisher, of Court Hall, Potterne, Wilts. Baron William Sylvestre von der Ropp, to whom she was married on Monday, is the younger son of the late Baron von der Ropp (Colonel in the Russian Army), and Baroness von der Ropp, of Danzogne, Courland, Russia, and Dresden.

Photograph by Esme Collings.

her husband, the late Professor W. E. Ayrton. She is the only woman member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and her addresses and inventions are extremely notable. She is the Mrs. Ayrton whose £1000 subscription not long ago rewarded the women marchers when they reached the Albert Hall.

A Man who is Wanted. Mr. J. W. Gates has been very happy at the Hotel Meurice. Europe, for him, is a quiet backwater off Wall Street, a haven from torrential shares and quotations. Mr. Dooley, in a treatise on the disadvantages of living at the Waldorf Astoria in New York, tells how you are liable to be rung up at any time of night there on your bed-room telephone. "Yes," you say, "what is it?" "Are you J. W. Gates?" "No." "Then ring off; I've no use for you," says the voice. If even the innocent guest is thus plagued, small wonder Europe has attractions for Mr. Gates.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



BLESSING A BELL THAT MARKS THE HIGHWAY OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO; THE CENTENNIEL EXHIBITION OF THE ST. BERNARDINE MISSION, CALIFORNIA.

Our photograph shows one of the ceremonies in connection with the Centennial Exhibition of the St. Bernardine Mission, California—the blessing of one of the bells which still mark the highway of a hundred years ago. The Bernardines take their name from St. Bernard (1091-1153), Abbot of Clairvaux, who so extended the number of the monasteries of the monks he joined that they were called after him. The Bernardines is a second name for the Cisterciaus. The saint was canonised in 1174, and his festival is observed on the 20th of August.



A MOST REMARKABLE TEAM: THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE KENTUCKY INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND, EIGHT MEMBERS OF WHICH ARE TOTALLY BLIND.

The team's percentage of wins over strong opposing teams is remarkably good. The only favour asked by the blind players is that when the ball is put in play the opposing team shall shout the word "Pass." Obviously, kicking goal after a touch-down is eliminated from their game. It will be noted that, following the custom in America, the players are armoured for the fray. Equally obviously, the movements of the team are watched with the greatest interest by all those whose privilege it is to see them play.



A DUTCH SCOT: A STUDENT IN COSTUME AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE 335TH ANNIVERSARY OF LEYDEN UNIVERSITY.

The students of Leyden University have been busy celebrating the 335th anniversary of the foundation of the institution with a number of fêtes. There was a large body of Caledonian exiles and their descendants in Holland, forming the famous "Scots Brigade" of the Dutch armies.



A PUBLIC BAPTISM IN THE RIVER TAW, BARNSTAPLE: MR. SAUNDERS, OF THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN, OFFICIATING.

We illustrate a public baptism in the Taw, showing Mr. Saunders, of the Plymouth Brethren, who officiated on the occasion, and the lady who was baptised by immersion. Baptism by immersion is also performed on occasion in Baptist chapels, the persons to be baptised in such circumstances being immersed in a tank. The candidate for the rite is, in ordinary cases, well enveloped in waterproof garments, so that the risks of catching cold are reduced to a minimum. The pastor takes similar precautions as a rule. But the ultra-hardy sometimes dispense with such worldly trapping and chance the doctor.



A GUARDIAN OF THE PARISIAN AND HIS PROPERTY: ONE OF THE NEW UNIFORMED FRENCH DETECTIVES.

A committee of municipal councillors and deputies has founded this new body of police, which consists of "night watches" and a brigade of international detectives. It is proposed to add a third brigade to them, to be known as "guardians of the peace." It is expected that the new force will prove to be of exceptional value.



A LIFE-BUOY THAT MAY BE ROWED TOWARDS THE DROWNING; THE SLEIGH-BUOY IN USE; AND IN PLACE ON THE BEACH.

The first of our illustrations shows a wearer of the buoy paddling to shore with the man he has rescued holding on to the buoy. The second shows the buoy and its paddle ready for use; the third, a wearer of the buoy paddling to the rescue of a drowning man. [Photographs by the Sports Company, H.C. Press, and Illustrations Bureau.]

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

KING GEORGE approves, even while he may smile under his own moustache, the revival of discipline at Aldershot in regard to the grooming of the Army's upper lips. In spite of his beard, he himself never fails to look very much of an Army man, both in bearing and in figure. The royal family is very strict in the observance of the minor regulations of the Services, and the Duke of Connaught conforms to the regulations in regard to the razor most punctiliously. That the moustache and the uniform do not in themselves count for very much is clearly demonstrated when the Kaiser appears in the uniform of our own 1st Dragoons. He still looks the German Emperor.

Eggs. Three of Lady Carrington's children found crowned heads for godparents, taking their names from Queen Victoria, King Edward, and Queen Alexandra. Lady Alexandra, who became Lady Alexandra Palmer last week, leaves one unmarried sister in Lady Carrington's now greatly diminished household. But that does not mean that Lady Carrington's butter-churns must make fewer revolutions, nor that her hens must be less prolific, for her excellent dairy produce can well follow to the scattered breakfast-tables of her departed daughters. But if newly married couples in real life consume eggs in the manner of Meredith's Lucy and Richard, even the Carrington layers may be overtaxed.



APPOINTED A LADY-OF-THE-BEDCHAMBER TO THE QUEEN: THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY.

Lady Shaftesbury is the daughter of Countess Grosvenor, step-daughter of the Right Hon. George Wyndham, sister of the Duke of Westminster and Countess Beauchamp, wife of one of the nicest and most charming noblemen of the day, and mother of a delightful family of one boy and two girls.

Photograph by Thomson.

her mother's gift of a completely furnished house in Wyndham Place. Lady Acheson, too, has the same good reason to be attracted back to London, for her father, Mr. Ridgely Carter, presented her with a home in Chesham Street. The wedding-gifts of the season have been markedly more sane and safe than those of other years. Either jewels—ever acceptable—or objects of great usefulness have taken the place of the annoying duplication of clocks, teapots, and the like.

The Van Dyck. The Earl of Clarendon has no say, and hardly any concern, in the matter of the Van Dyck that, once his, is now causing a flutter in the bosoms of English curators and collectors. Lord Clarendon sold the picture for a large sum, knowing full well that it was the business of the

purchaser to get more for it if he could. At the Grove, Watford, Lord Clarendon had never made a secret of his great treasure. Sir Charles Holroyd saw it on his walls not long ago, and admired it, just as the late King had admired it there on numerous occasions. Money is the only difficulty in regard to the retention of the picture in England. It will go to the highest bidder, who will be an American, of course.

Garden-Parties. Lady Portman has issued invitations for a party on July 14, in the attractive garden that lies behind Lord Portman's house in the square bearing his name. On the same day Mr. Burdett-Coutts will give the second—to-morrow he gives his first—of the garden-parties at Holly Lodge. In other years Queen Mary has often admired the Highgate garden, once the care and pet possession of Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The 14th is very much occupied, for the marriage of Lord Elphinstone and Lady Mary Lyon is also fixed for that day.

The Woman of the Windfall.

Mr. Edward Brydges Williams, the prosecutor in a curious forgery charge, is the nephew of the lady who left her money, not as an aunt might have been expected to do, but to "Dizzy." She had written to "Dizzy" asking for a tryst beside a London fountain; when she met him she thrust an envelope into his hand and told him to examine it at his leisure. He put it in his pocket, talked of other things, and forgot it. It was not till some weeks later, when he resumed clothes that had been laid aside, that he found it and its contents—a note for £1000 towards his election expenses. It is not recorded whether he accepted the gift, but he became a constant visitor at Torquay to a benefactor described by the then Duke of Somerset as "a little old woman smothered in a black wig."

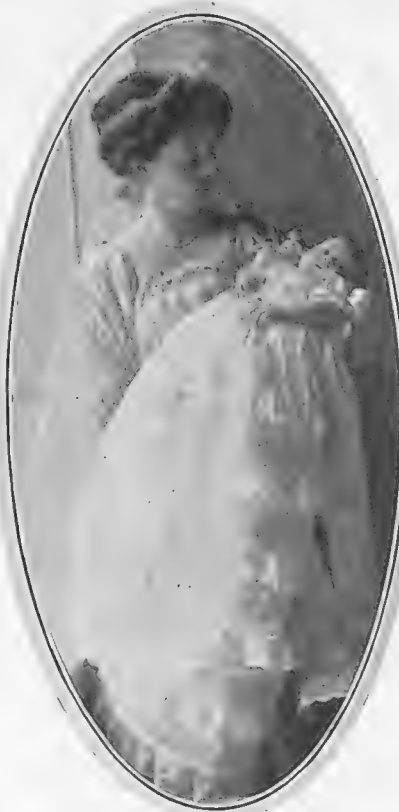
WIFE OF A FAMOUS AUTHOR, TRAVELLER, AND CRICKETER: LADY ELIZABETH HESKETH PRICHARD.

Lady Elizabeth Hesketh Prichard is the fourth daughter of the Earl and Countess of Verulam, and the wife of the well-known author, traveller, and cricketer, Mr. Hesketh Vernon Hesketh Prichard, author of "Don Q," and many another fascinating romance. He was the leader of the Patagonian Expedition in 1900-1.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The Scrape.

Sir Andrew Agnew, whose sister met with a tragic death on the railway-line the other day, is in no way related to the Agnews who, as picture-dealers and otherwise, have made fortunes in London and Manchester. Sir Andrew is the holder of an ancient Scottish baronetcy, and his wife, the subject of a lovely Sargent portrait, was a Vernon of the Lyveden barony. It is now some years since Sir Andrew's good-nature in lending Lady Agnew's portrait to a gallery was rewarded by the return of a damaged canvas and the bore of a correspondence in the *Times*. Fortunately, the picture, being the work of a New, and not of an Old Master, was repaired by the hand best fitted for the task.



THE NEW LADY GRAND PRESIDENT OF THE LEAGUE OF MERCY: PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK WITH THE BABY PRINCE MAURICE.

Princess Alexander of Teck, sister-in-law of the Queen, only daughter of the Duchess of Albany, is a great lover of children, and is the mother of two sons and a daughter. The King has appointed her Lady Grand President of the League of Mercy.

Photograph by J. Weston and Son.



WIFE OF THE NEW UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: LADY NICOLSON

Lady Nicolson, wife of Sir Arthur Nicolson, who was recently appointed to succeed Sir Charles Hardinge as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is the daughter of Mr. John Rutherford, of Brunsfield Place, Edinburgh, formerly of Illillawa, Australia. She has four sons and one daughter.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

STAGE FAVOURITES AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY IN THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.



1. MISS LILY ELSIE SIGNING TARGETS, AT THE ANGLO-AMERICAN SHOOTING GALLERY.
2. MISS GABRIELLE RAY AT THE GARDEN PARTY.
3. MISS GERTIE MILLAR AT THE SHOOTING GALLERY.
4. MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AND MR. HENRY AINLEY.
5. MISS MAIDIE HOPE AS THE BAD GIRL OF THE FAMILY (WITH SMILE), IN "THE PICK OF OAKHAM; OR, THE GIRL WITH THE BAD HABIT."

6. MISS MARIE LÜHR AT THE TEMPLE OF FLORA.
7. MR. CYRIL MAUDE (MAJOR SUTTON D. ETHE) STABS THE BAD GIRL OF THE FAMILY IN "THE PICK OF OAKHAM."
8. THE HAIR-DRESSING COMPETITION FOR ACTORS—MR. HARRY WELCHMAN AND MR. GEORGE ALI ON THE LEFT, MISS SYBIL ARUNDALK ON THE RIGHT.
9. MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON ACTING AS UMPIRE AND UMBRELLA-BEARER IN THE CRICKET MATCH—ACTRESSES VERSUS ACTORS.

The Theatrical Garden Party, held last week in the Royal Botanic Gardens, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage Fund, was most successful. Amongst the many attractions were Mr. Cyril Maude's presentation, in the National Memorial Theatre, of "The Pick of Oakham; or, the Girl with the Bad Habit"; "the Whole Gamut of Emotional Tincture of Tragedy," in which Mr. Maude himself played the villain (Major Sutton D. Etbe), and a number of other popular actors and actresses appeared; a shooting gallery; "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks"; the Palais de Luxe, run by the Grand Order of Water Rats; and a cricket match between actors and actresses.

Photographs by Central News and Illustrations Bureau.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"Priscilla Runs Away."

We do not often have a play by a real, live Countess, so I approach "Priscilla Runs Away" with a suitable feeling of awe. The applause and laughter which greeted it indicate that playgoers will like some more works from the same source. It is a rather curious little coincidence that the triumph of Miss Julia Neilson's management is a drama from the pen of a foreign Baroness, and that her youthful daughter has just made a big hit in a work by a titled stranger. When I was present at "Priscilla"—I hope no feelings will be hurt if I do not use the full, rather clumsy title—applause and laughter seemed to come chiefly from the ladies; so Mr. Trench may feel happy. If you wish to make money as a manager, you should appeal to the fair sex. They exceed us considerably in number, they are fonder of the theatre, and more of them have time for matinées. We are almost unimportant. This is the real reason why the intellectual drama has such a tough struggle, or one of the real reasons. Now, I do not imply that the one sex is less intelligent and intellectual than the other, but its taste—to use a wine-trade simile—is not so dry. It suggests the old sweet champagne that the ladies loved. Let us hope no surly person will say, "Gooseberry, not champagne." "Priscilla" has plenty of sentiment, a little too obvious, perhaps, for stern palates; an abundance of simple humour, the point of which is manifest to the most unsophisticated—why, then, should it not enjoy great favour, and what does the fact matter that neither its humours nor its sentiments appeal successfully to a jaded old critic, such as I am?

A New Actress.

Since Miss Marie Löhr delighted London by her surprising performance as the ingénue in "My Wife," we have had no such sensation as that produced by Miss Neilson-Terry in the part of Priscilla. Each of the young actresses had made other appearances and given a taste of her quality; both belong to theatrical houses, and consequently their first big ventures were regarded with great interest. I should very much like to draw comparisons between the two charming young ladies, but, for reasons of my own, I refrain.

Miss Neilson-Terry's triumph took me back to the days when her mother was an unknown quantity, much discussed in advance; when, twenty-two years ago, as a protégée of Mr. William Gilbert, she represented Galatea at the Savoy; afterwards, as Ruth in "Brantingham Hall," then Stella in "Captain Swift," with Mr. Herbert Beer-bohm Tree—for, of course, neither of them was a Knight in those days. How well one recollects the sensation made by her beauty, her talent, and her splendid voice! Fortunately, she is still with us, and in the splendour of her power and beauty. In many passages the other night the daughter resembled the mother startlingly; one might almost have mistaken the one for the other, there was such similarity at times in style. Perhaps some people will suggest that "Priscilla" is a little disappointing when considered with the other productions of Mr. Herbert Trench, and feel that there was a kind of implied promise that he would aim rather higher than this

star-part conventional comedy. In proof of its artificiality they will refer to the comparative ineffectiveness of many clever, well-trying people engaged in it. All will admit that Mr. Charles Maude, as a young German, or rather Swiss, Prince, played charmingly, and regret that he had so little to do. But where was the customary triumph of Mr. Fisher White, Mr. C. V. France, Mr. Lyall Swete, and Miss Agnes Thomas, though they did their best, which is saying a very great deal? Miss Sydney Fairbrother caused abundance of laughter as a comic old woman with a craving for rum; but Miss Helen Haye, a really valuable actress, could not render the Grand Duchess amusing. Three very clever actors, Messrs. Norman Page, E. A. Warburton, and H. R. Hignett, were almost unnoticeable: experience shows that such facts throw a great deal of light on the quality of the play. Yet the reception of the piece makes it seem likely that "Priscilla" will not run away from the Haymarket for a long time.

A Benevolent Matinée.

At a matinée presented on behalf of the National Service League at the Shaftesbury, the most important dramatic event was the return of Sir John Hare in "A Quiet Rubber," which made one regret the more his absence from our stage. However, I understand that performances by him are to be an element in Mr. Frohman's next repertory season, and I hope that amongst them will be his brilliant, finely polished work in this popular little play. There was also a one-act piece of some merit by Miss Marianne Stayton, which showed a lurid incident, highly charged with emotion, in the coming invasion of England, concerning a young officer who had made a mess of his great opportunity and so went off on a forlorn hope to certain death. It was, perhaps, a little too melodramatically written, but showed ability. As the soldier's wife, Miss Stayton herself showed some emotional power.

A Popular Revival.

Why "Don César de Bazan" has had such a short career on its revival is quite a puzzle to me. In reviving "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," Mr. Lewis Waller has probably found something

which will conveniently carry him through the summer season; and though the play is not a play of extraordinary quality, it provides him, in the valiant Captain Harry Peyton, with a part in which he is perfectly at home, and is at any rate a change after the frequent revivals of "Monsieur Beaucaire." The authors, Mr. R. N. Stephens and Mr. E. Lyall Swete, when adapting the novel on which the play is founded, were skilful in constructing it so as to fit the personality of this most popular of actor-managers—and Mr. Waller can hardly be blamed for thus following the line of least resistance. His leading lady this time is Miss Madge Titheradge, a young actress of distinct promise, plenty of charm, and abundant energy, who succeeded in really pleasing the house in the somewhat exacting part of Miss Elizabeth Phillips; and excellent support was given by Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Herbert Jarman.



A LUCKY STAR WHO IS APPEARING AS AN UNLUCKY STAR:
MISS FANNY WARD, WHO IS PLAYING AT THE PALACE.

Miss Fanny Ward has made a welcome return to London, and is appearing at the Palace Theatre in a thrilling sketch—"An Unlucky Star," in which she plays the name-part.
Photograph by Moffett.

THE EARL OF YARMOUTH AS ACTOR IN MUSICAL COMEDY: LORD HERTFORD'S HEIR IN HIS PLAY, "THE PIGEON HOUSE," AT THE NEW, CARDIFF.



1. MR. O. B. LENNON AS PAUL BOUCHARD, MRS. SNEAD DAVIS AS MILE. CELESTE BOUCHARD, MR. A. W. FORDHAM AS MAJOR FALLIÈRES, THE EARL OF YARMOUTH AS VICTOR DE MENEVALE, AND MISS THELMA RAYE AS LEONTINE DE MENEVALE.
3. THE EARL OF YARMOUTH AS VICTOR DE MENEVALE AND MISS THELMA RAYE AS LEONTINE, HIS WIFE.

2. THE EARL OF YARMOUTH, ELDEST SON AND HEIR OF THE MARQUESS OF HERTFORD, AUTHOR OF "THE PIGEON HOUSE," IN WHICH (AS "ERICE HEBE") HE HAS BEEN PLAYING VICTOR DE MENEVALE.
4. MR. A. W. FORDHAM AS MAJOR FALLIÈRES, THE EARL OF YARMOUTH AS VICTOR DE MENEVALE, AND MISS THELMA RAYE AS LEONTINE.

"The Pigeon House," a three-act musical comedy, written and composed by the Earl of Yarmouth, was produced at the New Theatre, Cardiff, the other night, Lord Yarmouth being his own leading man, and appearing on the programme as "Erice Hebe." The first performance was received most enthusiastically. The Earl of Yarmouth, who is the eldest son of the Marquess of Hertford, was born in 1871, and was formerly a Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion Black Watch (Royal Highlanders). He is a J.P., D.L., and a County Councillor (Alcester Division) for Warwickshire, and a Lieutenant in the Warwickshire Yeomanry. It will be recalled that he was married to Miss Alice Cornelia Thaw, daughter of the late William Thaw, of Pittsburg, in 1903. The marriage was annulled two years ago.

Portrait by Langfieri.

C

**LADIES WHOSE HUSBANDS WERE
IN THE HONOURS LIST:
THE WIVES OF SOME OF THE NEW BARONETS.**

Lady Walton. Lady Walton, wife of the new Baronet who is M.P. for the Barnsley Division of West Riding, Yorks, is the daughter of the late Mr. Robert Gill, of Middlesbrough. She has one son and two daughters. There is no other Baronet of the name, but there is another Sir Joseph Walton (the Hon. Mr. Justice Walton). There is a third Lady Walton, the wife of Sir John Lawson Walton, K.C., M.P.



LADY MEYER, WIFE OF SIR CARL MEYER, THE PROMINENT FINANCIER WHO IS A DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL BANK OF EGYPT, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COMMITTEE OF DE BEERS.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Lady Meyer is very well known in London as a musical, literary, and charming lady, whose hospitalities have been much enjoyed. With her husband, she is a regular first-nighter, and they attend the Opera House, where they have a box, two or three nights a week. The wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, was one of those occasions on which the artistic and social circles meet in a large and brilliant assemblage. As the wife of a well-known financier, Lady Meyer dresses beautifully, and wears handsome jewels. Her town house is in Stratton Street, and she has a country place in Essex called Shotgrove. She is very greatly interested in the Shakespeare National Memorial Theatre, and spoke most sensibly in support of the scheme at a recent meeting at Mrs. Godfrey Baring's.

Lady Harmsworth. Lady Harmsworth is the daughter of Mr. George Wade Share, of Forest Hill. Her charming home is North End Place, Hampstead. She has three sons, the eldest of whom is sixteen. Mrs. Harmsworth has lived quietly, devoting her time to her home and family. Her husband is the brother next in age to Lord Northcliffe.



LADY TUCK, WIFE OF SIR ADOLF TUCK, THE HEAD OF THE WELL-KNOWN FIRM OF ART PUBLISHERS.

Photograph by the Illus. Bureau.

Montalt. She is a great favourite with all who know her, and in the neighbourhood of Brettenham Park, Suffolk, where she lives, is greatly respected. Her eldest sister is Lady Colchester. The Earldom of Montalt is extinct, but the Viscounty of Hawarden descended to a kinsman. Mr. Cyril Maude comes of the same family.

Lady Meyer. Meyer

is well known in London as a musical, literary, and charming lady, whose hospitalities have been much enjoyed. With her husband, she is a regular first-nighter, and they attend the Opera House, where they have a box, two or three nights a week.

Lady Meyer is very picturesque-looking. Their only daughter married last November Mr. St. John Murray Lambert.



LADY WALTON, WIFE OF SIR JOSEPH WALTON, THE WELL-KNOWN COLLIERY-OWNER, WHO HAS TRAVELLED WIDELY, AND IS M.P. FOR THE BARNSELY DIVISION OF THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.



LADY HARMSWORTH, WIFE OF SIR HAROLD HARMSWORTH, THE WELL-KNOWN NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR, WHO HAS TAKEN SO ACTIVE AN INTEREST IN THE TERRITORIAL MOVEMENT, AND IN THE UNION JACK CLUB.

Photo. Field.



LADY LEUCHA WARNER, WIFE OF SIR T. C. THEYDON WARNER, THE MEMBER FOR LICHFIELD, WHO IS A DIRECTOR OF THE LAW LAND COMPANY.

Photo. Swaine.

Lady Fuller.

Lady Fuller is the daughter of Mr. C. N. Phipps. She is a charming woman, and has been a great deal about in Society with her husband, who for some time was Vice-Chamberlain of King Edward's Household. He is a nephew of Viscount St. Aldwyn, whose sister married his father, Mr. John Pargiter Fuller, in 1864. Like his son, he was a well-known Liberal M.P. Lady Fuller came out of the Tory camp—her father was a Conservative Member for the Westbury division of Wilts, for which her husband now sits on the Government side.



LADY FULLER, WIFE OF SIR J. M. FLEETWOOD FULLER, THE MEMBER FOR THE WESTBURY DIVISION OF WILTSHIRE, WHO WAS A VICE-CHAMBERLAIN OF KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH'S HOUSEHOLD.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Lady Champneys. Lady Champneys, wife of Sir Francis Henry Champneys,

M.P., another of the Birthday Baronets, is the only daughter of the late Sir John Warrender Dalrymple, and sister of the present Baronet. As the wife of a great doctor, she is very well known in social medical circles. Sir Francis is a son of the Right Rev. William Weldon Champneys, Dean of Lichfield.

Lady Lamont.

The wife of Sir James Keir Lamont is the daughter of the late Sir George Denys-Burton, and sister of the present Baronet, Sir Francis. Lady Lamont is very keen on all things Highland. Her son, Mr. Norman Lamont, represented Berks in the last Parliament.

Lady Mond. Lady Mond, wife of Sir Alfred Mond, has made her mark in

London society as an excellent hostess. She is a daughter of the late Mr. James Henry Goetze, and a granddaughter of the late Mr. John Bentley.

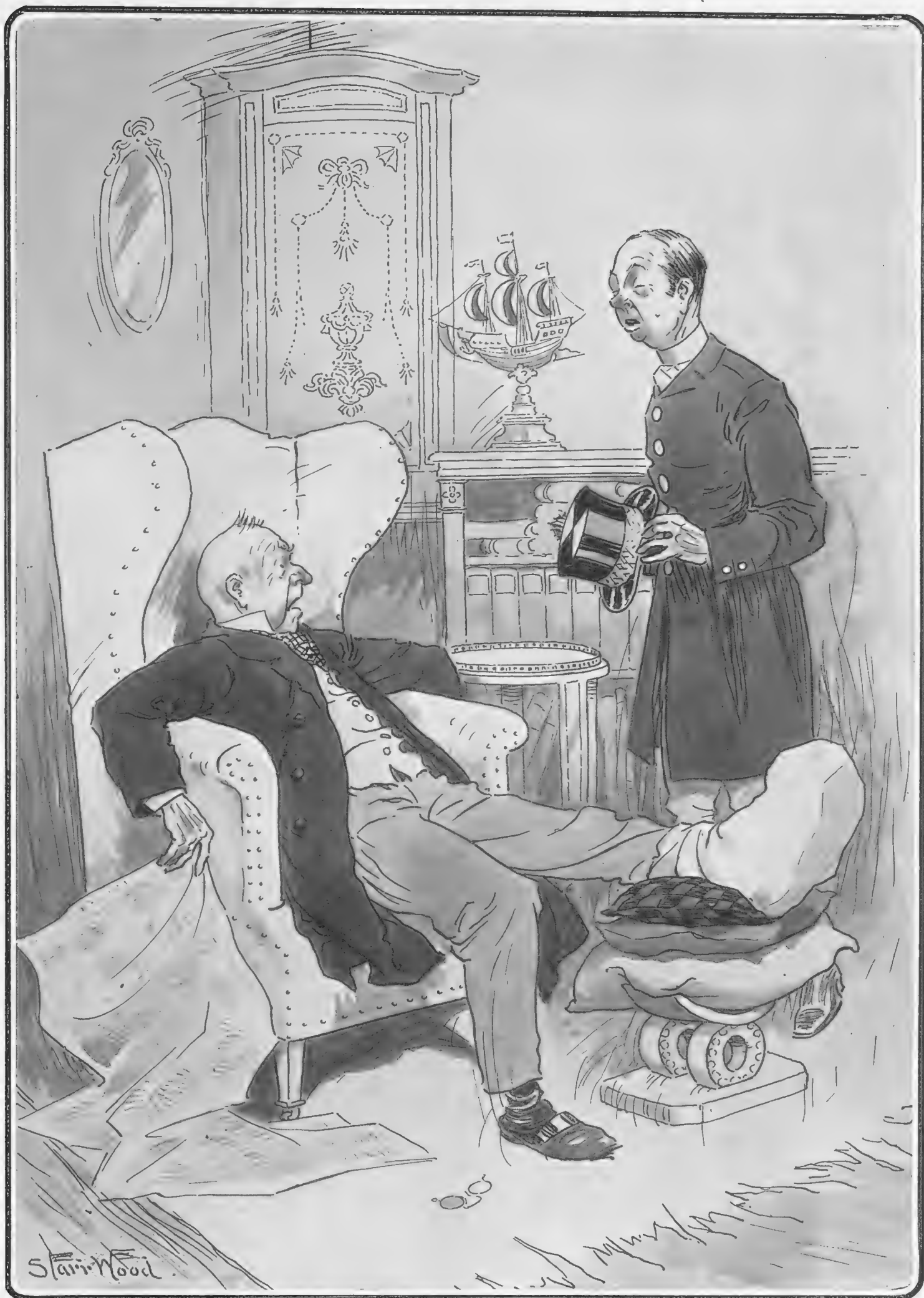
Lady Mond gave a party last season at which some picturesque dances in costume made a great success. She was a hostess of last week, when she was heartily congratulated on her new honours. It need hardly be said that her reception was as perfectly ordered as if it had been in preparation for a month or two, for Lady Mond has much skill in the arranging of entertainments of all kinds, whether they be for her army of personal friends, or in aid of one or other of the numerous charities in which she shows so great and so practical an interest.



LADY MOND, WIFE OF SIR ALFRED MOND, THE MEMBER FOR SWANSEA TOWN, WHO IS CHAIRMAN OF BRUNNER, MOND, AND CO.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD.



THE GROOM (to his master, who is not in a position to kick): My Lord, I should like to take this opportunity to hinform you that I married your daughter last week.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

KEYNOTES

THE PROBLEMS OF THE SOLOIST.

THE musical season is not likely to be unduly prolonged; it would seem as though the stream of concerts would soon dwindle down and run dry before July is out. Perhaps the doubled supply of opera has made it increasingly difficult to attract the public to evening concerts, and the fact that both Covent Garden and His Majesty's are adding matinées to their regular programme leaves those who propose to give concerts on Wednesday, Thursday, or Saturday afternoons in rather a difficult position, unless they have a strong attraction. While the price of a stall to hear a recital given by nobody in particular is as high as the price of a good seat in the opera-house, the general public will not go to the concert-hall; moreover, the kindness and liberality of friends are not inexhaustible quantities. We have seen of late many a row of empty benches when performers of world-wide repute were on the concert platform; and if the public will not come in overwhelming numbers to hear great artists, how can they be reasonably expected to support those whose greatness is yet to come?

There is ample room in London for a large concert-hall run on democratic lines, managed by a committee that would be responsible to the public for a certain standard of capacity in performers. In such a house three or four singers or players might make their début at one concert, sharing the expenses of the hiring, printing, and advertising. Instead of the absurd prices demanded to-day, four shillings should serve to pay for front-row stalls, and prices should taper down to a sixpenny gallery. In this way the general public might be attracted, and much money saved. Music has so many wealthy patrons to-day that if such an idea as this were put before some of them the chances are that it would find support. Naturally,

Doubtless there must be many people ready to declare that concerts, even on co-operative lines, cannot pay at the prices suggested; the obvious reply is that, as a rule, they do not pay at present. There is no genuine success on business lines when the concert-hall is filled with friends who have paid to encourage some young artist and help to create a false impression. At present the general public does not often contribute to the début of a singer or player; it fears to waste money and time, but it might respond to an appeal on the new lines, to the great benefit of all concerned. Advertising, printing, and hire of hall cost as much for one performer as for six; but six performers would have between them quite a large circle of friends with a genuine interest in their success—friends who would not feel that they had been taxed if they paid

quite a small price to hear half-a-dozen capable performers. As far as that oddly overrated item, "Press notice," is concerned, the concert would serve its purpose. Any individual performance of worth would be noted, and the people whose efforts were kindly ignored would have received a comparatively inexpensive hint that they were in the wrong avenue for glory and emoluments. Those who made a distinct "hit" might find it well worth their while to give a recital on their own account later on; but it will be recognised that in the world of music many are called and few are chosen.

In the course of a year one hears of many cases in which some young singer or player has scraped and stinted and saved, pound by pound, for a recital, with some strange idea that when tickets are printed the public must buy them, and has been glad to give them away shortly before the concert, in order that the hall may at least appear to be well attended. The great bulk of the expensive tickets that are not bought by friends of the concert-giver must be distributed free of charge, and it is not always easy to give them away in the case of unknown performers. Very often the concert agents are blamed for the existing state of things, and there was a time when London held gentlemen who would have persuaded a one-handed man to give a violin recital, or a deaf mute to sing, and would have guaranteed them several engagements after the recital; but conditions have improved, and there are plenty of agents who will not associate themselves with ambitious incompetence. We do not suffer to-day from incompetence, but from

mediocrity. The standard of performance is constantly rising, and it is not sufficient to play or to sing moderately well in order

to attract attention. Average capacity is a drug on the market; some thousands of young men and women equipped to this extent are added to London's list every year, and the cry is still they come. Ambition, industry, and good looks are all valuable adjuncts to a great natural gift, but that gift must be great, for year by year the Continent sends us musicians of more than common talent, men and women, boys and girls, who take to music as readily as the average English child takes to cricket or tennis.

Russia, Germany, the Polish provinces, and, in a lesser degree, France, Italy, and Spain, take the fullest advantage of free trade in music; and, curiously enough, while the best British orchestras are admittedly second to none in the world, the average British soloist is not on the same high level. To look down the list of concerts advertised during the season at the Queen's Hall, for example, is to find how large is the supply of Continental talent. It is, then, fair and reasonable to suggest that young British soloists should husband their resources, join their forces, and make the best of rather slender opportunities.

COMMON CHORD.



AT COVENT GARDEN: MME. KOUSNIETZOFF AS MARGUERITE.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MR. JOHN COATES IN "MUGUETTE."

Photograph by Hansa.

BE FAIR, PLEASE.



THE CRUSHED ONE: Conductor! Please let me out at Tottenham Court Road.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"SAMUEL THE SEEKER."

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR'S new book bears a dedication to a man now in gaol "for his defence of freedom in America," and it is certain that his hero would be there too, had not hatred dealt him a more elemental blow.

From the mountain meadows of his home Samuel went forth to seek his fortune, much as Whittington of old. He had no cat, but a bundle wrapped up in newspaper, and eighty dollars pinned into a pocket; his destination, New York. He was seventeen years old, and his mental outfit, inherited from his father, consisted of three things: the memory of his mother's portrait, delicately strenuous—she had belonged to an obscure sect who had broken with the churches and called themselves "Seekers"; the Bible, as a practical business guide; and—America, land of Liberty, set apart for strange, high destinies.

At his father's death Samuel took the eighty dollars and left the farm to his half-brothers. "Seek and ye shall find" there was written round that portrait, and he meant to do both. For some years an incursion of summer boarders had changed the character of the remote countryside. To let became more paying than to farm, and two of these guests cut deeply into Samuel's mind. One was a broker from Wall Street, who had induced the family to invest its savings in a "Glass Bottle Trust"; but Henry Lockman, multi-millionaire of Lockmanville, who was to hold this great industry in the hollow of his hand, dropped dead of apoplexy. The bears played havoc with Glass Bottle securities, and the poor three thousand dollars so hardly earned and saved disappeared for ever. The other had forgotten, when leaving, to pack a little volume of poems, S. Whitcomb Riley's, and Samuel, who had hitherto loved his world dumbly, learned from it how "one might milk the cow with stirrings of wonder, and mow in the meadows to the rhythm of 'Knee-deep in June.'"

"From which," says Mr. Sinclair, "you may divine that Samuel was an Enthusiast. But you are not to conclude that he was a fool." So with no delusions about Wall Street, but, perhaps, illusions about the round world beside, he started his tramp towards the railway. Fate frowned on Samuel that day and many following days. His encounter with the youth who advised him to "jump" the train and save his fare led to his jumping, but jumping late into a back car, which was soon left in a siding. Imprisoned for a day and a night, his release cost all the eighty dollars; and, just in time to "jump" another train, with even his bundle left behind, he got out at the first big tow in search of food and drink and work.

Here began a series of experiences which took him to Socialism as inevitably as—Bradlaugh, say, was led to atheism, or Newman to Catholicism. The first shock was to find that this city, immeasurably greater than anything his country-bred eyes

had seen, was—Lockmanville! The Lockmanville of Lockman, whose name spelt to him financial ruin and his father's premature death! Well, in its business quarter, among its poor, or at the fine houses,

his impassioned appeals for work received the same refusal—cold or impatient. Closed factories, factories working half-time, the glass-works that old Lockman had bought up because there were too many augmented by those which the people built whom he bought out—and everywhere men looking for jobs! A night in a vermin-haunted cell was his civic punishment for being penniless and seeking shelter from rain in a doorway, but next morning in court he attracted a professor who promised him work. The promise was fulfilled but poorly, ending in an apology and an initiation into the Darwinian theory of Survival of the Fittest. From the Professor's study poor Samuel went out, followed by Herbert Spencer's phrase: "Inability to catch prey must be regarded as a falling short of conduct from its Ideal." Then the Unfit must learn this lesson of Nature, and he, Samuel, would preach it to them, showing the way, and they would starve, if not happily, at least bravely, for the good of the race. But he remembered the poor family with whom he had found a home. Sophy, a tender thirteen-year-old who supported it by her work at the mills—could he begin there? A runaway horse bore down upon this bitter reverie, and Samuel held on to it with the desperation of his despair; and the driver, one of the fittest, was grateful for such succour. He proved to be young Lockman himself, and Samuel, taken on as under-gardener, revelled in his beautiful, gay master till one day he discovered the drunken young reprobate he was.

After that, burglary, strictly on principle (Herbert Spencer's), was followed by a job of sub-vestryman at a fashionable church. Its pillars were much as those pillars of society which Ibsen, angry and strong, like Samson, was moved to pull down. And Samuel burned to pull down also, to clear the temple of money-changers, to apply

the Sermon on the Mount to mill-owners, and City Councilors, and millionaires. He was just as angry as Samson, but not so strong. He could only shout his wrongs and what he felt were God's, at the street-corner. But American Liberty prohibits meetings at street-corners, unless the police give a permit. And police, like the Press, belong to the money-changers. Then the banner of Socialism, "crimson with murdered hopes," swept across his horizon. Here were sacrifice and salvation; thus might the love that had stooped to mock him be sweetly avenged; and a glorious revolution should shatter the mechanism of that cruel system in which he and thousands were caught! The meeting is advertised, the police prohibit to the length of leaving him unconscious in a pool of blood, and, as the rest are marched to gaol, the new "Marseillaise" rings out—

Yours is the power of club and gaol, yours is the axe and fire; But ours is the hope of human hearts and the strength of the soul's desire!



THE EXTRAORDINARY ALLENSTEIN MURDER DRAMA: FRAU A. O. WEBER, ACCUSED OF BEING ACCESSORY TO THE MURDER OF HER FIRST HUSBAND, MAJOR VON SCHÖNEBECK.

On the first day of the trial, which began on June 5, Frau Weber stated that she was thirty-four years old that day. She was married to Major von Schönebeck in February of 1897. Her marriage to Herr Weber took place in London in January of this year. Herr Weber, it should be noted, is a man of great popularity and of much literary talent.—[Photograph by Max Löhrich.]



THE EXTRAORDINARY ALLENSTEIN MURDER: FRAU A. O. WEBER.

Major von Schönebeck was shot on the night of December 25th, 1907, at Allenstein, a small garrison town in East Prussia. Captain Hugo von Göben, said to be the lover of Frau von Schönebeck (now Frau A. O. Weber) afterwards confessed to the murder, alleging at the same time that he was instigated to the crime by Frau von Schönebeck, who, he said, forced him to swear to kill her husband that night, while she was standing under the Christmas-tree with her children playing about her. Captain von Göben committed suicide in prison.

Photograph by Topical.

*"Samuel the Seeker." By Upton Sinclair. (John Long.)

What it Feels Like—



V.—TO BE LAST AT TABLE.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY TENNANT.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE BREAKING - STRAIN OF SEPOY SAIYID JAN.

By ANDRUL.

THE heart of Sepoy Saiyid Jan was filled with a great content. Had there not been fighting for four months? Not the sort of warfare for which one practised in times of manœuvres, on flat, crop-ridden plains strewn with groups of shady mango-trees, drawn together by the distance into a seeming forest. There were no umpires here, to come and talk nonsense about retiring. There was no retiring—only advancing and rearguard actions; and a rearguard action was very different from a field-day retirement.

Saiyid Jan was young; in England he would have just "come of age," but he came of a stock to whom a fight is as the breath of the nostrils, and had been brought up amongst blood-feuds and inter-village strife from his boyhood. In him the lust of blood was developed to the full, and this, combined with an absolute fearlessness of death, made him ideal material for a soldier.

The small force sent to take tardy vengeance for a long series of frontier outrages had had four months of continuous fighting, and had won through the first fatigue to the hardness of which hardship is ever mother. The troops had known what it was to start out on an eighteen-mile march, timed so as to bring them and their long-drawn-out mule transport into camp before dusk, only to find the eighteen miles develop into thirty, while they had to reckon with a fearless enemy hanging on to their rear and flanks for the last five miles, in semi-darkness. They had seen the motley hordes streaming down the hillside like cataracts of water, yelling with the exaltation of fanaticism, and had stood firm in their weakness to stem the current of that rush and so secure safety to the main body. They had scaled hillsides so steep that men had to help each other from point to point, hoisting by the rifle from above, pushing from below, while the "phut-phut" of the bullets on the hillside was all around them, and the dull thud where flesh caught the leaden missiles was in their midst. After fighting all day, they had held isolated night pickets against forty times their own strength—twenty-five men against a thousand!—and had seen the dawn break when another half-hour's darkness would have meant annihilation for want of ammunition and sheer weariness. They had gone day by day unbathed, unfreshed by a change of any garments, and had known fatigue which would send men asleep with an enemy firing at them from close quarters. They had hungered, and—dear Heaven!—they had thirsted. How they had thirsted! They had lain down in squelching mire to sleep after a daylong march and fight, sodden with rain, their teeth chattering with cold. They had sweated until their khaki was patterned with arabesques of white salt-marks, where the perspiration had evaporated; and they counted it all good, because they were playing the great game, were engaged in the sport of all sports—the hunting of man.

They had just won out of a valley which they had traversed in order to blow up its fortified towers and to destroy the crops of their enemies. The troops engaged had looked into the eyes of the owners of those towers, and had read there the ultimatum: "Your life or mine—yours, please God!" They had seen their dead, had heard through prisoners and spies of what had happened to their wounded who, in the confusion and darkness of those awful rearguard actions, had fallen unperceived into the hands of their enemies; therefore they knew not the scruples which stirred the well-clad breasts of certain Members of Parliament securely lying on the comfortable benches of the House of Commons. If the enemy stood and fought, so much the better; but if he fought and ran—well, he must expect to find vengeance wreaked on what came to hand. They had seen their dead, had heard of their missing.

It had been a complete success; the column had proceeded

down one valley after another, its flanks secured by detached parties crowning the heights on either flank, and had garnered much forage, blown up many towers, and—what had appealed especially to Saiyid Jan—had had some sharp fighting. Not the fighting where one is hit by a splinter of a shell fired from a gun so distant that its report is inaudible, but the chaos of friend and foe intermingled, where the enemy pulled the bayonet further into his own lungs with his left hand in order to reach with his curved sword the man who held the rifle: where the British officers never missed with their revolvers, no matter how indifferent shots they might be: where was no quarter sought or given, no surrendering aught save the ghost.

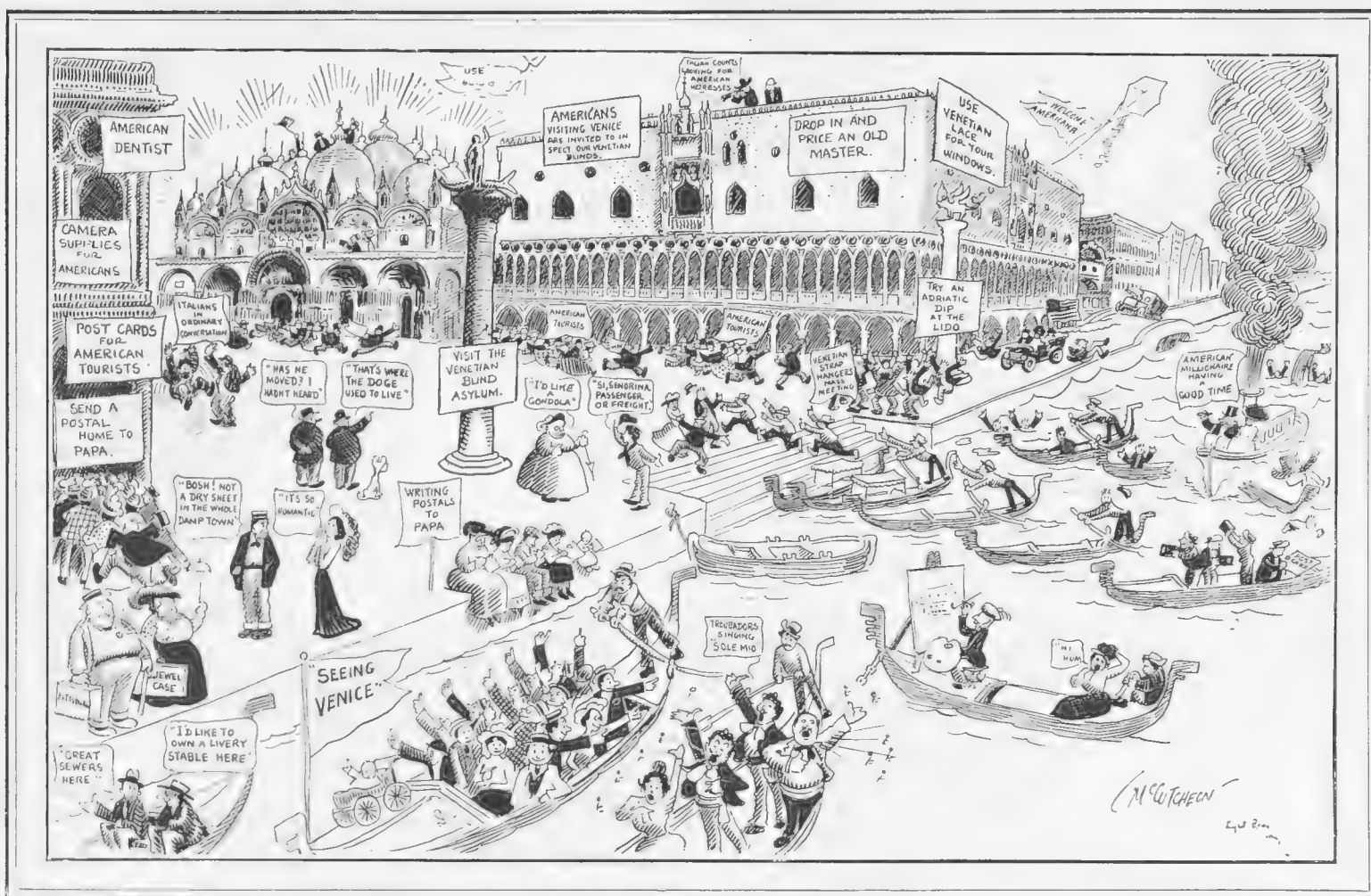
This was what Saiyid Jan had seen, and he was content. But there was more. In coming down this last valley, when the rearmost picket was being withdrawn after the destruction of the last village, and when the enemy's silence suggested that he had had enough, and did not intend to take the field that day, a sudden charge of ghazis—men self-dedicated to death, sworn to die on the field of battle—had swooped from its concealment on to the picket. There was a moment's confusion. The main body was going steadily away from them, and no help could be expected thence. At the most the mountain battery might send a shell or two to their assistance, and the picket was in an impossible piece of open ground commanded from all sides; also, as I have endeavoured to explain, the attack was utterly unexpected. The ghazis had made no sign during the passage of the column, had fired no long-range shots into the lengthy, winding body of men and mules. They appeared as if raised from the ground by magic. Then it was that the born soldier in Saiyid Jan forgot discipline, heeded not the scantiness of his three years' service, but asserted himself loudly. "Get back—get back to the high ground, Jemadarji," he shouted to his native officer. "We will cover your retreat." "We" meant Saiyid Jan and anyone else whom he could persuade to stay. He called to those nearest to him one by one: "Come, brother, lie down—fixed sights, rapid fire."

Six men lay down alongside him—seven out of the fifty; it was the rearmost picket which of necessity must be strong. The ghazis hesitated; they were there to die, but they wanted first to write their names in the annals of their country, to secure a place in the tribal folk-tales, to assert their inheritance of the joys of paradise, by killing many of the enemy. So they stayed their rush to shoot down these few fools, and to carry away their wounded, for seven rifles firing from the magazine at close quarters have much to say in the day of battle.

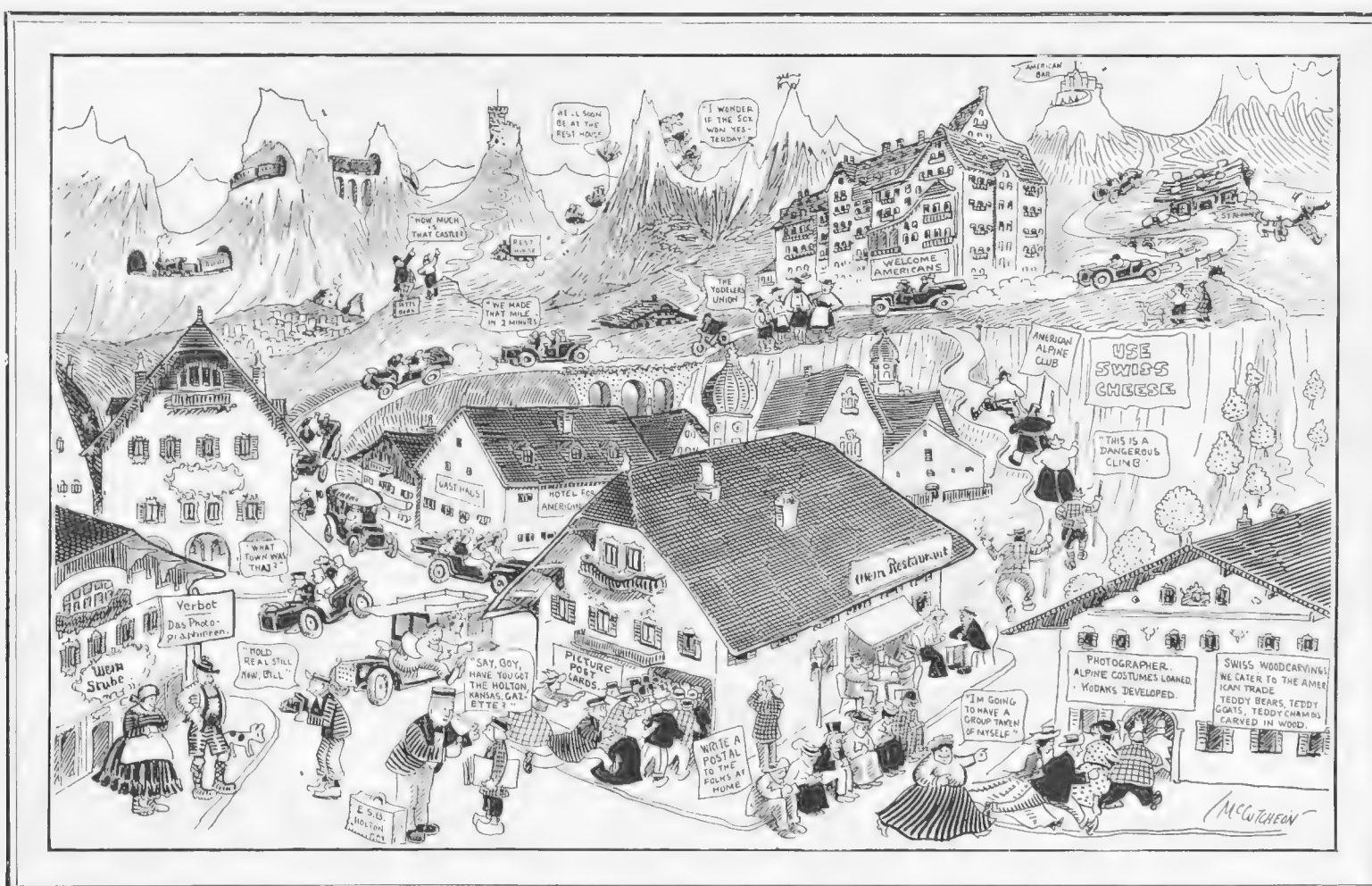
The very first of the seven to be hit was Saiyid Jan himself. Luckily for him, it was not a rifle-bullet, but a piece of hematite broken from its setting of stone and used as part of a charge for a muzzle-loader. This reached him nearly spent, and, penetrating his chest, ran along the rib and lodged in his side. Then the sturdy little, fat, bearded Pathan, with his *kullah* so rakishly cocked to one side, suddenly dropped his forehead on the ground, and his body and limbs trembled as if seized with palsy. Sometimes it comes that way, which is merciful. A mere lad, but lately passed into the ranks, and a bearded old ruffian—his uncle—were the next casualties. They were hit simultaneously. The older man sprang to his feet as if galvanised, gave a mighty laugh, and fell over on his back, the heels of his *chappis* drumming on the hard soil. The lad was struck by four rifle-bullets, all in the lungs, and blood gushed from his nose and pumped in little jerks from his mouth. He sat up dazed, caught Saiyid Jan's glance of commiseration, smiled at him, deliberately closed down the bolt of his rifle, and fired. Again. Then, as he pulled back the knob for the reload, his elbows gave, he fell

[Continued overleaf.]

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF EUROPE:
THE COMING OF SADIE AND JONATHAN.



VII.—VENICE — THE GRAND CANAL AND THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK'S.



VIII.—IN — AND ABOUT — THE BAVARIAN TYROL.

DRAWN BY JOHN. P. McCUTCHEON, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN HUMOURIST.

forward on to his face, and lay clawing up the ground with his right hand—so brave men die.

The man on the left saw the three dead, and, gripping his water-bottle with his left hand, pulled the cork with his teeth, and emptied down his throat the few drops of liquid which he had preserved all through his thirst in case there should be difficulties in getting water in the camp. He was an old soldier, and looked ahead. He had realised that he was not likely to know the meaning of thirst much longer. He looked ahead—in this case it did not seem to him far ahead.

Half the little band had fallen into their last long sleep, and their rifles must not be allowed to get into the hands of the foe. Saiyid Jan called to his right-hand neighbour to collect the three rifles and remaining ammunition of the three dead, and to make his way with them to the main body. Then, as in days of Ancient Rome, three men faced a comparative multitude. A roar from the enemy: a yell of triumph: a scream of hate about to be sated. They were no longer to be stayed by these accursed. They would charge and sweep them from the face of the earth. Nothing could save the trio now. They knew it, but were not dismayed. "Fire more quickly," said Saiyid Jan, and as he spoke, the unexpected happened. Bang—bang—bang went the mountain battery away in their rear, putting shrapnel after shrapnel just in front of the ghazis. Even ghazis could not face that. Driven hail will stop a man's progress by blinding him, by preventing him from opening his eyes. This was leaden hail! Saiyid Jan looked back over his shoulder. He saw the rest of the picket extended on the high ground. "Retire!" he cried out, adding, by an after-thought, "by the flank." Truly, Saiyid Jan was a born soldier. Slinging his rifle, he stooped down to the dead boy at his side, and raised him into his arms, to save the poor flesh from inhuman insult. Each of the other twain did the same.

The next day Saiyid Jan, and the three who had survived with him, were called out by the big General Sahib before all the troops, paraded for the purpose, and were told many nice things; also promotions and Orders of Merit were talked of. So, as he sat and twisted the string which circled his neck and had for a pendant a piece of hematite, Saiyid Jan was content.

There were three days of idleness for the troops. Their work was done, and at any moment the summons for their return might come, and they awaited it eagerly. But the unforeseen occurred. Instructions to march west, enter the country of another tribe, and to destroy its villages arrived, as it had transpired that many men from its valleys had been aiding and abetting their late foes. Saiyid Jan's company commander sought out his double-company commander. "Presence," he said, "a very difficult word has arisen, for Sepoy Saiyid Jan comes from one of the villages we will have to destroy—the first."

"All right; I'll ask the Commanding Officer Sahib Bahadur to give him leave or send him to the depot on duty. You might tell him, Subadar-ji, he will not be going to the fight."

Later, the Subadar came again to say that Saiyid Jan was weeping, and saying that his face was blackened because the Sahibs would not trust him to be true to his salt.

"Bring him here," said the double-company commander.

He explained to the

young Sepoy that it was not lack of trust, but rather dislike of putting him into a false position, that was the reason for leaving him behind; but the boy, who loved a fight and was not over-nice as to whom he fought with, begged to be taken. Again the Englishman drew pictures of him engaged in death-grips with his own, and endeavoured to dissuade him; but the lad was persistent. Did he not accompany his regiment, his self-respect would be gone for ever, and all the others would think that the Sahibs could not trust him. So Saiyid Jan marched with his company, eager for the fray, his heart singing aloud with joy within his breast.

The force halted for a day almost at the foot of the pass it was to storm. The weather was beautiful, and those not engaged in a strong reconnaissance had nothing to do but idle. Of these was Saiyid Jan. He sat apart, gazing up at the jagged line of the pass summit. He knew every stone of it. He could recall how, as a boy, he had played among its sangars, kept ever ready for war. Over the pass a lammergeier circled, bringing back to him the days when he tended his flocks on the hillside and with his sling sent stones hurtling at the marauding birds. A standard on the summit caught the breeze and fluttered out from its staff. He pictured the men behind the breastwork of stones. There would be the old red-bearded Mullah, and the Malik of his village—the old man who had always been so kind to him and had taught him how to tame falcons and train them to hunt. Then his uncle, so skilful at making swords, who had given him his first tulwar with the inlaid silver handle—he would be there, perhaps just where that flag had fluttered. He could picture him, shading his eyes with his hand, as he tried to count the enemies of the morrow. His father, too—he assuredly would be there—and his brothers. Ah, it would be a grand fight! The excitement of watching the ascending foemen from behind those breastworks, seeing them getting nearer and

nearer, watching those hit pitch headlong down the steep slopes, then the sudden charge of swordsmen when the enemy got near. It would be a glorious fight! All the women and children would have been sent out of the valley to another tribe for protection, and word of the fight would be sent them, and the names of those who showed great bravery would be told to them. He wished he could just have one glimpse of the home he had not seen for three years before the to-morrow—to-morrow it would be burnt—and he would have liked to ask pardon of his father and brothers for fighting against them. They would understand. They would not expect him to be false to his salt. False to his salt! Ah—had he not eaten of the salt of his people long before he had partaken of that of the Government? It would be a good fight, but, of course, the troops of the British Government would win the day, and once the pass was theirs, no further resistance would be possible, only attacks on pickets and rearguards. Still, it would be a good fight.

The attack was ordered for dawn the next day. In the dim light of the parade-hour the Subadar of Saiyid Jan's company reported that Sepoy Saiyid Jan had disappeared; "but, Sahib, he has not taken either his rifle or ammunition with him, which is a very marvellous circumstance, and not to be understood."

THE END.



GIVING IT AWAY.

MR. JONES: And what's that, Tommy?

TOMMY (*desirous of pleasing his naturalist-uncle by giving him an opportunity to display his learning*): Don't know, Uncle.

MR. JONES: Ah, well, that is the larval state of a lepidopterous insect, possibly even of *Argynnis Aphrodite*.

TOMMY: Great Scott! I thought it was a caterpillar.

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

SIR WEETMAN PEARSON was in New York when the announcement of his peerage was made; Lady Pearson was at Dunecht, in Aberdeenshire, the place purchased just before Sir Weetman made Cowdray his own at the cost of about half-a-million sterling. Both places have brought good fortune, or at least it may be said that neither has spelt ill-luck for him. Yet both became unfortunate for their former owners. The Curse of Cowdray never relaxed its rigours until Lord Egmont parted with the property, and Dunecht has been abandoned by Lord Crawford, since the body of the twenty-fifth Earl was stolen from its tomb and held to ransom.

The Eye Division. The succession of Sir Weetman Pearson's new Barony is already made out to the second and third generation. Of the twins lately born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pearson, one was a boy and one a girl, so that the case presents no openings for the chaff that is ever ready to presume a

moment, came the postponement, due to King Edward's death, of its production; then the manifold trials of rehearsals. But is Mrs. Marks to be greatly pitied, after all? And if she is, how is it that she is at this moment delighting her London circle with such abundance of good spirits and good looks?

The Ministerial Lady's-maid. Ministers think themselves very harassed persons nowadays. Mr. Haldane's anxieties lest he should be cross-examined on Army hairdressing may double his own grey hairs—but what if a Balfour or an Asquith had to deal with the dresses of a Princess as affairs of State? When the first Earl of Malmesbury took Caroline in hand before her marriage to the Prince Regent, he wrote: "She piques herself on dressing quick. I disapprove of this"; and, again, "I had conversations with the Princess Caroline on the toilette and on cleanliness. On these points I endeavoured, as far as was



ON A VISIT TO THE QUEEN MOTHER: THE GRAND DUCHESS XENIA OF RUSSIA. The Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia, now on a visit to her aunt, the Queen Mother of England, is the elder of the two sisters of the Tsar. She has been married for close upon sixteen years to the Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, the youngest but one of the brothers of the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch, who with his wife, Countess Torby, makes his home in this country. The Grand Duchess has one daughter and six sons. She is Chief of the 48th Regiment of Dragoons of Ukraine.—[Photograph by Levitsky.]



THE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD: A NEW PORTRAIT.

The Countess, whose marriage took place last year, was Miss Lilian Joanna Vera Boyle, daughter of Major Charles John Boyle. Lord Macclesfield came of age last year. He is a Lieutenant in the Territorial Force (unattached).

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

possible for a man, to inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress. I knew she wore coarse petticoats, coarse shifts, and thread stockings. I observed that a long toilet was necessary, and gave her no credit for boasting that hers was a short one."

The Luggage Rack.

The usual holiday problems are returned; tipping and sea-bathing have got once more into the correspondence columns, and Mr. Walter Winans writes about the luggage-rack. Once a portmanteau fell on him; since then, he says, "I absolutely refuse to let anyone put any object heavier than a railway-rug on the rack either above me or opposite me." Mr. Winans may be afraid of parcels; evidently he is not afraid of his fellow-passengers. Being something of a citizen in three countries—England, Russia, and America—he enjoys the possibility of very widespread disputes. The worst of it is that his antagonists with the portmanteaus cannot know, as a rule, that he is the Winans of revolver fame, the winner of an international shooting competition in Paris, when he lodged 116 bullets in a "man" target out of a possible 120.



WIFE OF THE GREAT SOLDIER WHO HAS ACCEPTED THE MEDITERRANEAN COMMAND: LADY HAMILTON.

Lady Hamilton, wife of General Sir Ian Hamilton, was Jean, eldest daughter of Sir John Muir, first Baronet. Her wedding took place in 1887.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

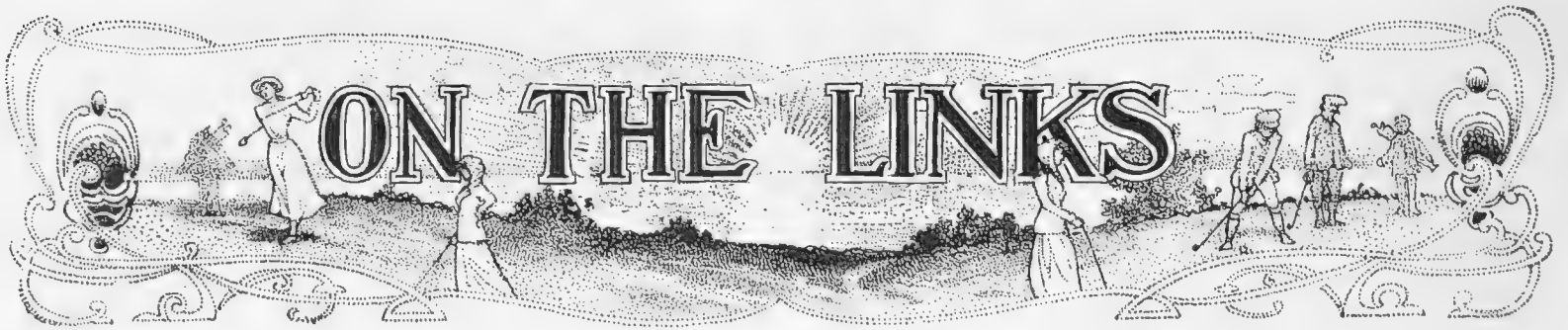
THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER, TO WHOM A DAUGHTER WAS BORN LAST WEEK.

Her Grace has now two daughters living. The elder, Lady Ursula Grosvenor, was born in 1902. The Duchess of Westminster, it seems hardly necessary to recall, was Miss Constance Edwina Cornwallis-West, daughter of Colonel William Cornwallis-West.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

difficulty in identifying the first-born of male twins. Needless to say, no such difficulty exists except in melodrama or the humourists. It was in Lord Durham's case that *Punch* suggested the tattooing of a coronet on the person of the rightful heir to the Earldom. If any tattooing were to be done in the present case, Mr. Pearson's electors would claim that an eye were the best remembrancer of an event that took place just about the time of his return to Parliament.

The Trials of Success. Three hundred and sixty writers of plays have reason to envy Miss Josephine Peabody (Mrs. Marks) on the production of her prize drama at Stratford-on-Avon on July 26. But let them know that her triumph has meant anxieties, to say the least. Instead of having her manuscript comfortably returned to her in the first flight of rejections, she received the hopeful but harassing intimation that it had been selected, with nine others, out of the odd hundreds for further consideration; next she learnt that it was one of seven; next that it was one of two; next, after no little suspense, that it had gained the prize. Then, at the last



By HENRY LEACH.

The Great James Braid.

golfer who has ever lived. Everybody said that in a moment of extravagant enthusiasm, just when he had holed out for 299 for his four rounds on the famous old course in Fifeshire. They said the same thing two years ago at Prestwick, when Braid won his fourth championship, and by doing so equalled the records of the most famous of golfers living or dead. But now, when we are settling down to the new state of things, with Braid as the sort of overlord of golf for the ensuing year—for so we commonly regard the



A FEATHER BALL MADE IN 1800.

open champion of the period—let us consider the matter rationally and soberly, and see how Braid is really the champion of champions. There were 210 competitors at St. Andrews, and the general standard of the play was higher than it had ever been, yet Braid won quite easily at the finish; while those who were considered to be his most formidable rivals were not even "placed." He has now performed the most remarkable feat of winning the open championship five times in ten years, and in that period it has been at least twice as hard to win it as it was previously. Taylor and Harry Vardon have both won it four times, but each of them has only gained one success in the last decade.

The Famous Three.

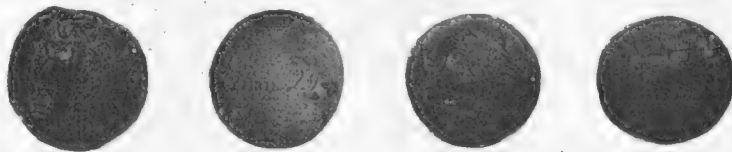
These three are the famous trio who have had almost a monopoly of the championship in recent years—ever since 1896, in fact. Four years ago they finished one, two, three; last year one of them (Taylor) was first, and another (Braid) was second. For the first time since 1898 the other was tailed off into a place named by double figures. Now this year two of them have gone into double figures, one of them being bracketed fourteenth and the other sixteenth, such a thing never having happened before since the great triumvirate was first established. It is not so much that the powers of the famous three are waning as that those of their rivals are increasing, and circumstances are becoming more difficult. But why does Braid keep his position, and really strengthen it? Oh, well, there are several reasons, all of them good. Taking one shot with another, he can do all of them better than other people.



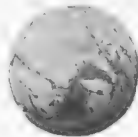
1. A COMPOSITION BALL THAT SUCCEEDED THE FEATHER BALL.
2. ALLAN ROBERTSON'S GUTTA BALL.

Braid all the time. There are certain of our amateurs who do the most amazing things from the tee when they are in

Let us consider James Braid, who a few days ago won the open championship for the fifth time in his life. Surely he is the greatest



FEATHER BALLS USED BY OLD TOM MORRIS.



A FEATHER BALL BELONGING TO MESSRS. FORGAN AND SONS.



1. AN EARLY FEATHER BALL. 2. FEATHER BALL USED WHEN ALLAN ROBERTSON HOLED THE LINKS IN 87 STROKES, NOV. 3, 1842.

FAMOUS GOLF-BALLS OF THE PAST.

The original smooth-surface golf-ball gave place to the smooth-surface gutta ball, but the curious discovery was soon made that for some inexplicable reason the gutta ball flew straighter and further after its surface had become roughened by long use than when new and smooth. The modern golf-ball has its roughened "hammered" surface as an outcome of the discovery.

the right mood, as they are not infrequently. Thus, if you wish to make sure of not being hurt when Mr. Angus Hambro, M.P., is playing behind you, it is best to keep three hundred yards in front. And then, on the last day at St. Andrews, Braid's partner was outdriving him frequently. But if all the other long drivers were set to drive against Braid every day of the year, and the lengths attained by each of them were added up, I know whom I

should back for greatest distance. If I said to him, "James, drive me a ball two hundred and sixty yards," mentioning quietly to him that for certain private reasons, which I did not care to disclose at the moment, I most particularly wished it, he would certainly do it. I don't know any other man that I could depend on in this way. But some people say that driving, after all, is nothing, and that putting is everything. Well, there have been some black periods in the history of Braid's putting. The earliest of all was one; and last year, when a kind of coolness arose between him and the aluminium putter family to which he had been so much attached, and he began to tinker about with all kinds of iron things, there was another. However, he is back to aluminium now, and not a man at St. Andrews putted better than he did. His iron play is, assuredly, as good as that of any man.



A FEATHER BALL THAT WON THE GREAT MATCH, JULY 17, 1843.

His Great Reserve.

His style is not beautiful, and that is the only ground upon which anyone may now presume to argue against his being the greatest golfer who has ever lived. But it is sound, and Braid "gets there" every time, and that is the game of golf after all. But if I have to state the case for his immortality above that of all other players, I shall not speak so much of strokes. He has got a finer temperament for the game than any other man, and temperament counts as much as skill, since the latter is useless without the former. Then he has greater resource than others, and is a better man in a crisis. And, last, he has a greater reserve of golfing power. When his best is not good enough, he draws a little bit extra out of a receptacle that he has somewhere inside him, and plays better. He did that when he had to play in a raging thunderstorm at St. Andrews, and played perfectly. Also, at the seventeenth hole, in his third round, he got his ball into the position in the bunker near the green which is the most dangerous in all golf, on any links, but he rescued himself and his championship easily.



1. THE BALL WITH WHICH ALLAN ROBERTSON HOL'D ST. ANDREWS COURSE IN 1858 IN 79 STROKES. 2. ALLAN ROBERTSON'S FIRST GUTTA BALL.

He is the only man with this receptacle, this reserve. The result is that the game never beats him as it does others. He has the whip hand of it. How it must hate him! But we like him immensely.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Kent an Example.

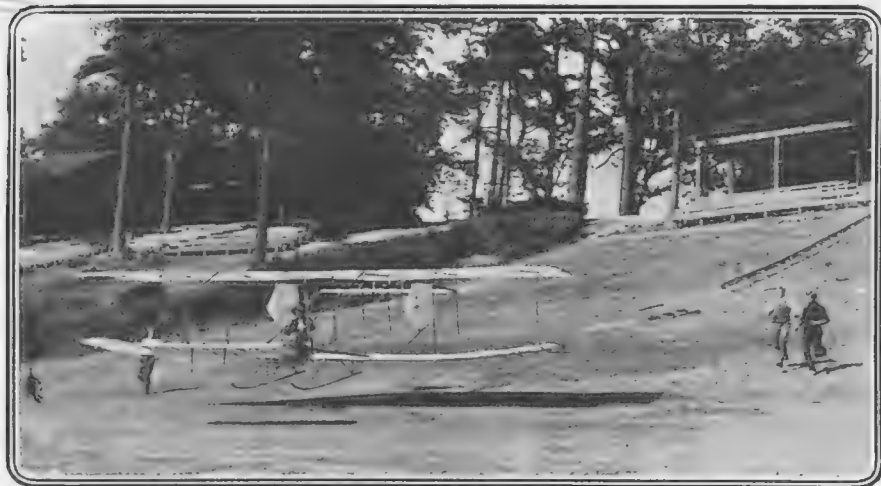
As a pendant to the business proceedings of the General Committee of the Royal Automobile Club and Associated Clubs, held in the Council Chamber of the Chester Town Hall on Saturday, 25th ult., Colonel Crompton, R.E., lately appointed consulting engineer to the new Road Board, held forth in a very interesting manner upon the improvement of roads. This old soldier—for he is, although wonderfully virile, an old soldier—appears most sanguine as to the present renovation of the bulk of our main roads, without incurring very great expense. The Colonel seems to be of opinion that the first step is to render the roads dustless and waterproof—proof, indeed, against the disintegrating forces of damp and frost. Kent, he tells us, has shown the way, and that it is possible to drive hundreds of miles in arid weather through the ancient kingdom of

equipped body. But it behoves every car-insurer to give the most careful consideration to all the terms of any policy he takes out. Many of them present yawning pitfalls. The Royal Automobile Club will shortly present a model policy, which should be insisted upon.

Per placard the Great Western Railway Company loudly urges the holiday-making English-

man to see his own country first, and as this may be taken to include Ireland, seeing that the aforesaid railway runs a line of packets thither, some figures published in the "Irish Motor Directory" would appear to show that the motorist does be-

take himself and his car Erinwards with greater frequency than is generally believed to be the case. The average shipment of motor-cars to Ireland during the past three years is 1866 per annum, which includes cars registered in Ireland which never crossed the Channel. If 2097 are subtracted from 5598, the total number exported and imported from Holyhead,



EN "PLANE" AIR: THE GLIDER AT BROOKLANDS IN FLIGHT.

That novices may be used to the movement of the aeroplane without running the risk of making flights on actual machines, this glider is in favour at Brooklands.

Photograph by Topical Press.

Hengist and Horsa without encountering dusty roads, dusty hedges, dusty gardens, or dusty people. The Colonel has done it, and he knows.

Good Roads—Less Tyres.

But in these days of rubber, and consequently tyre, appreciation, Colonel Crompton fore-shadows a boon compared with which all else is as naught. He told the clubmen last month that to-day, according to figures as he could get at them, motorists paid double, probably treble, as much per annum for tyres as was expended during the same period on the upkeep of the roads. So soon as the roads were properly surfaced, automobilists would on tyres and petrol save three times over the amount of the motor taxes they paid annually. The figures were adduced from rubber statistics given in the *Statist*, but they include the use of rubber by cyclists, which is a huge and unknown fraction of the total amount. As the roads of Kent were held up as examples, it would be interesting if tyre-using statistics could be rendered by motorists who run their cars solely on the "tar-mac" surface of the Kentish highways. Medical men might oblige in this particular. Is it possible that a tyre which will give a service of five thousand miles on the flinty roads of Sussex would run fifteen thousand in Kent? Who can answer the question?

Insure! Insure! Insure!

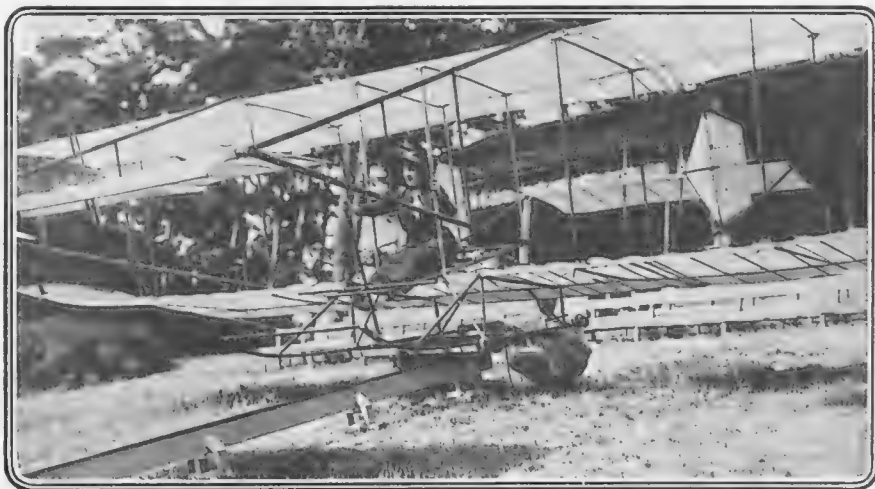
Notwithstanding the expense, which to many appears heavier than is warranted by average circumstances, it is most necessary that a car-owner should insure his car against accidents, particularly against third-party risks. It is not the mishaps which may occur through the carelessness of the motor-car driver, because, so far as the private driving owner is concerned, he, for the most part, takes reasonable care of his own property; it is to the lamentable carelessness, ignorance, and recklessness of other people that the majority of the bad accidents are due. And though this may be clear as daylight, it is but seldom that the motorist gets full consideration. Consequently, it is highly advisable to pay even a considerable amount of money per annum to throw the onus of fighting cases for heavy damages on a wealthy and well-



A COMPETITOR FOR THE NEW £10,000 PRIZE FOR A FLIGHT ROUND GREAT BRITAIN: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE AT WOLVERHAMPTON—WITH LADY ABBY.

Mr. Grahame-White is one of the airmen who have decided to enter for the "Mail's" new £10,000 prize, which will be flown for, weather permitting, in the second week of July of next year. Full details are not settled, but the provisional course has been fixed as follows: from London to Harrogate and then to Newcastle, Edinburgh, Stirling, Glasgow, Carlisle, Manchester, Bristol, Exeter, Newport (Isle of Wight), Brighton, Tunbridge Wells and London. There will be a control at each of the places named, and competitors must alight at a given spot within each control. Obviously, heavier-than-air flying machines must be used.

Photograph by G.P.U.



TEACHING THE FAIR TO BE 'PLANER(S): THE GLIDING MACHINE AT BROOKLANDS ABOUT TO START.

Photograph by Topical Press.

we get 3501. The half, 1750, is approximately the number of cars which have crossed to Ireland for touring purposes during the above-named period. Two thousand cars were dealt with at Holyhead during 1909, and as 625 are estimated as touring-cars, these figures suggest that at an expenditure of £20 per car, Ireland would seem to have profited to the extent of £12,500. But this sum might be trebled without exceeding the fact.

[Continued on a later page.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

Last of the Classics.

The result of the Grand Prix will alter the complexion of the St. Leger, and now is the time to look about for a general stayer. It may be that Lemberg and Charles O'Malley were both upset by the state of the going at Longchamp. On the other hand, we

cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that the winner and second, both French horses, stayed the course easily. I expect Lemberg and Charles O'Malley will run well at Doncaster, but I should not be surprised to see both beaten by Neil Gow if he goes to the post fit and well, for his running at Epsom was far too bad to be taken any notice of. Greenback is a good stayer, and I should not be at all surprised were Lord Villiers' colt to score on the Town Moor; while Ulster King may turn out to be as good as he was painted before the start for the Derby. Rose-drop is useful, but may not be as good as Lemberg, and I do not think Admiral Hawke can stay the distance. We



THE LADY WHO HAS WAGERED THAT SHE WILL NOT SMILE: MISS TOWNLEY AS BRITANNIA IN THE ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

Miss Townley has agreed that she will give her salary to the Tournament charities if she smiles while in the arena. On the other hand, several young officers will give a fortnight's pay to the same charities if Britannia does not smile.

Photograph by Gale and Polden.

have yet to see the best of Rochester as a three-year-old, but as the horse has been under suspicion, we must learn that he has been doing some hard work before it is possible to judge of his prospects in this race. Winkipop will, I suppose, run for the Kingsclere stable, and if she stays, she should run well. The race bears a more open appearance than it did, and if any owner discovers a real stayer among his lot, the best thing he could do would be to start the animal on the off-chance, whatever his book form may be. I expect we shall see a lively market over the St. Leger in a week or two.

Runners.

The racegoing public are complaining that they can never get anything like a complete list of probable runners before the numbers go up on the board. I have for many years now suggested that the powers that be should remedy this grievance in a very simple manner—by insisting that all owners should declare their runners overnight, and these should be printed in the morning papers. Under the existing rules, we find little punters backing horses in double events that were never intended to run. Further, many people are induced to visit meetings to back certain horses, only to discover when too late that the animals have not left their training quarters, and were never intended to run. There are, of course, many trainers who would

not think of deceiving the public; and there are others—the sharp division—trying all they know to throw dust into the eyes of the touts, and they succeed occasionally. Often, in some stables, horses are plated overnight that are not intended to run the next day; and sometimes animals are actually despatched to the station, and instead of being boxed for the meeting, are sent home again. It is practically impossible to get anything like a proper list of the Epsom-trained horses that are despatched on the morning of any race-meeting held in the Metropolitan district. It is possible to box them from either one of six stations, while it is quite easy to let them walk to most of the meetings within a few miles of the training-ground. I do hope the Jockey Club will pass a law enforcing the declaration overnight of runners. This would be the best reform instituted in my time.

Race-Riding.

I for one think that the gentlemen who report the races are very honest, and they give us an almost perfect idea of what takes place on the race-track. They do their work well, in fact, and they do it quickly; but there are happenings that are never chronicled, probably because they are not seen from the Press-box, or it may be that the fear of the law of libel is a great bar to the truth being told. Anyway, there is at the present time a lot of foul riding at some of the meetings, and I will give one instance that will serve for the present. At a recent Metropolitan fixture I stationed two of my sons down the course to see the game, and they reported to me that in one race a certain jockey deliberately tried to shut in another well-known jockey twice; and so well did the evil-doer succeed that the latter was entirely put out of the race at a certain point, when, with a clear course, he might possibly have won. Now, the strange part of the story is that the aggrieved party did not take the slightest notice of the matter on returning to scale. If he had complained, the guilty party might have been warned off. I take it, therefore, that this sort of thing happens oftener than we think, and it would be a good plan if a recognised reporter, in the absence of an available steward, were told off to go down the course and describe for the public what goes on in running. What with half-drunken riders and foul practices, the little punter has a big burden to carry, and the wonder is that he lasts as long at the game as he does.



"LES ENTRAVÉES": FRENCH LADIES WEARING THE NEW TIGHT-SKIRTED GOWNS AT A RACE-MEETING.

Photograph by Record Press.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Cecil Rhodes and the Man-About-Town.

Indispensable as the young man-about-town is to the anxious hostess, who must procure agreeable masculine guests for her luncheon and afternoon parties, it is certain that the idler enjoys no longer the social prestige he once did. Men must invent an occupation if they do not possess one—at least, they must make the pretence of being in "affairs" of some sort. The waster is no longer viewed with favour, even by the most irresponsible of an irresponsible sex. We make a kind of deity of Work, and he who serves most assiduously at her altars nowadays earns the most esteem among his contemporaries. The late Cecil Rhodes—Empire-builder and indefatigable worker—did not a little to insist on this modern standard of industry. The superb, impeccable youth whom we are privileged to gaze upon in Bond Street of a morning, or to see wending his dulcet way on the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall" towards five o'clock, did not appeal to him at all. He gave freely to students, and his Oxford scholarships of £300 a year are designed for those who can play as well as work; but his opinion of the idle young man is amusingly illustrated in Sir Thomas Fuller's recent memoir. The beautiful youth of Bond Street would be mortified to find himself compared to a Kaffir; but nevertheless Cecil Rhodes looked upon him with no more favour than he did the young bloods who lolled about the locations in their blankets, making mischief and never turning a spade. "They are," declared Rhodes, "like young men-about-town at home. These young natives live in the locations with their fathers and mothers, and never do one stroke of work. We want to get hold of these young men and make them go out to work." His remedy was a simple one, and consisted in levying a tax on those who remained idle.

The Psychology of "Sales."

The psychology of the summer sale is a highly interesting one, for it is obvious that it appeals to the feminine imagination in an extraordinary degree, and not at all to the masculine. Who ever heard of a "sale" at a man's tailor's, hosier's, or hatter's? The thing is unthinkable, and yet the wives, sisters, and daughters of the men who patronise these shops will rise early, take taxi and train, and journey far to join the crowd of anxious, hustling ladies who appear, to the casual observer, to be indulging in a kind of football scrimmage, trampling under foot "desperate" bargains in chiffon robes, lace blouses, and motor bonnets. Indeed, a visit to some "sales" can hardly be postponed beyond the first hour or so on the great day, for at the end of that time the goods exhibit an amount of ill-treatment and general dishevelment which they would hardly show after six months' ordinary wear. Mr. G. W. Russell, in a delightful essay on this topic, once declared that the chief reward

of a bargain-hunter would probably be "a robe of duck's-egg panne, slightly soiled," which he had seen duly advertised in a catalogue left at his bachelor door, and which, it is to be hoped, no self-respecting person would put on, however paltry the sum she had disbursed for it. Yet sales continue in high vogue, the reason being that we all love a gamble, and sometimes a jewel is to be unearthed among the mass of pebbles.



[Copyright.]
A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER DRESS OF NINON, VEILED WITH SPOTTED NET, AND TRIMMED WITH LACE.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

Snatching the Summer.

The mournful emptiness of the West End of London on Sundays nowadays proclaims to all who can see that everyone who can afford it is passionately bent on snatching the summer while it is in its first beauty and freshness. And June and July, in England, it is true, are incomparable when the sun shines. No other country can compare with it in emerald greenness and in the splendour and luxuriance of its trees and flowers. It is like some peerless young girl in all the pride and insolence of absolute loveliness. Small wonder we all break loose on Saturdays and hasten to spend our week-ends on the river, in Hampshire or in Sussex. When we have snatched half-a-dozen such brief holidays we feel we have not altogether lost the summer, so that whatever vicissitudes of rain or grey skies August and September have in store for us, at least we have known what summer ought to be like. There is no doubt the Londoner enjoys his country week-ends with an enthusiasm—I was going to say an emotion—which the country resident never knows. These hurried week-ends are, for him, like stolen interviews with some beautiful, elusive woman, a woman who will presently veil her face, and, slipping away, be seen no more.

A Season Without Lions.

This will be remembered, I fancy, as a season without lions. The lions, it is true, were here—they always find their way to the London Jungle—but were, owing to sad and unforeseen circumstances, not permitted to roar. For did we not have the triumphant Paulhan, North Pole Peary, and the omniscient, ubiquitous Roosevelt? No doubt they were all entertained, but to the general bulk of Society they were concealed, elusive beasts, heard of feeding in privileged pastures, giving forth modified sounds of pleasure and satisfaction, but not permitted to roar for the ordinary person. Was not London, too, full at one moment of Emperors and Kings, any one of whom would have made the *bonheur* of an ordinary May? And yet they too had to dine furtively, as it were, in royal palaces, and be seen not at all by the crowd. Meantime, the season has begun, and bids fair to be short and sharp, for never, perhaps, have so many fêtes been crowded into so brief a time, so that it will be a wise hostess who remembers the night of her own party. If the lions have departed, the cubs are looking forward to a brief period of strenuous enjoyment.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Passing of the Hobble.

It is satisfactory to learn from the creators of fashion that with this summer the hobble-skirts will disappear, and women will be able once more to move about the world freely. If mere man placed such a foot-icap upon us, how indignant we should be! As it is, we joyfully hobble ourselves because it is the fashion. I meet girls laughing at their own incapacity, but rather pleased because it is a modish one. The one good thing I trace to it is that pretty boots and shoes are being worn, which, albeit they are pretty, are also practical. During some of our recent unsettled weather there have been some sadly ill-used pale-grey and cream-coloured and purple suède shoes which have cried aloud with agonised spots and splashes against being takep out in mud and wet. With hobble-skirts, smart patent-leather and neatest kid foot-gear are worn, and look nice and suitable in the worst of our summer storms.

Whistles when It's Ready.

"Whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad," is put into practice by the latest thing in coffee-makers. It is called Caffeta, and is sold by Messrs. L. Wiener, 1A, Fore Street, London, E.C. It is in plate, hammered—very pretty and effective—and in copper. The size to make four cups is 15s. 6d., and there are two sizes larger. The thing is most simple, and makes delicious clear coffee in a few moments. It whistles from the lid when the coffee is ready. It would make a charming and a useful wedding-present.

Thé Causerie.

Mme. Réjane gave the first tea-entertainment in London at the Ritz last week. The celebrated French artiste received the guests, many of whom had reserved tables for themselves, among them the Duchess of Marlborough and Baroness de Meyer. There was a continuous entertainment, in which Réjane took part. Everyone spent a charming time, and felt that they were up-to-date and quite Parisian; while the idea opens out a lucrative vista to many of our own smart professionals.

Beauty's Bottle.

The thing for the preservation of beauty is a bottle of "4711" Eau-de-Cologne. I hasten to explain this, lest it should be thought that I was about to advocate *eau-de-vie*, which most of us know to be a foe to beauty. There is nothing more delightful and refreshing than a few drops of this spirituous skin tonic in the water; it makes laving the face a real restorative process. It stimulates the tiny blood-vessels beneath the skin into activity, and cleanses the pores of the skin from everything likely to impair its beauty. The bottles wear a blue-and-gold label which guarantees to beauty the absolute purity of their contents. Being for outward application only, beauty's bottle may be strongly and most conscientiously recommended. In these days of motoring and strenuous life, no woman who values her good looks should be without one.

Sales and the Seaside.

The connection between the shops and the sea is cemented by the summer sales. They are now going gaily; but the opening scenes last week showed a curious apathy. Women went in quietly, looked round and bought little. The attendances even were small. Now the attraction of "saling" is added to by the prospect of sailing. We are eagerly buying to the best advantage those things which we hope to wear in the coming holidays. The news of real bargains has been noised abroad, and the feminine sport of shopping is at its height. The prettiest things in colour are being sold at quite sensational reductions. They were prepared for a smart season, which, alas! has not been ours, and next season would be all out of fashion.

Bargains Worth Securing.

Comfort and appearance do not always walk hand in hand. Still more rarely do they combine for our pedal extremities. They are, however, found united in an indissoluble bond in F. Pinet's boots and shoes. Seldom does such a high-class maker have a sale. This year, in consequence of national mourning, there is a large surplus of brown footwear, and this celebrated firm, at their fine premises in New Bond Street, are selling off now, and will continue to do so until the 30th inst., at prices lower than their beautiful boots and shoes cost to make. A number of these boots and shoes have fancy tops; they are the last word in smart footwear, and are of such excellent materials that they will wear well. Their lightness is a feature which endears them to their wearers as much as their unimpeachable style. I think there will be a pilgrimage to F. Pinet's, in New Bond Street, and the pilgrims will all lose the discomfort of even a crumpled rose-leaf in their shoes.

ToNorraway—To Norraway over the Foam!

A number of smart folk, mostly anglers, have betaken themselves to Norway rather than stay in London, where we are busily engaged in a praise-worthy make-believe that we are having a season. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe have secured a splendid stretch of water out there, and are enjoying something closely akin to the simple life. Mr. Gerald and Lady Evelyn Ward went over on the same boat, and so did Mr. Robin Duff. Lady Juliet is still here. Lord and Lady Coke were there; but Lady Coke came back a little while ago with her sister, Miss Trefusis, who was due as bridesmaid at one or two weddings. Mr. North Dalrymple and his wife, Lady Marjorie, who is Lord Coke's sister, have been in Norway for some time, and are staying there all summer. They too are angling. Viscount Dalrymple and his wife are also there, fishing and excursionising. The Scotch season will begin very early this year, and a number of well-known people are starting early on yachting cruises.

When Wrong, Say So.

In writing of the prizes for the Melanyl marking-ink competition, I mentioned six. There are, in all, seventy-eight. I regret having given an inadequate impression of the magnitude of the offer.

FOUR GREAT PILLARS AS A COURT HOUSE 105 FT. HIGH.

ONE of the most remarkable architectural schemes—typical alike of the modern development of the art in America and of the genius of America's people—is that devised for the new County Court House of New York by Mr. James Reily Gordon, a well-known architect of that city. City Hall Park, which derives its name from the City Hall, which stands on its north side, in the lower part of New York, just off Broadway, is the site selected for the new Law Courts.

Naturally, many schemes have been brought forward for the building, and Mr. Gordon offers a unique solution of the problem. His idea, which is graphically presented in our illustration, consists of four great Doric pillars, set at each corner of a square plinth 24 feet high, and occupying above the base 19,461 square feet, or less than half the space covered by the present courts. This device has the advantage that it would increase the area of the park by rather more than half an acre.

In the plinth and the base of the columns would be housed all the offices of the County Clerk's Department and other executive offices of the courts. The shafts of the columns are each 520 feet high and 65 feet in diameter, and will contain sixty circular court-chambers, jury-rooms, etc. These rooms look on the outside world through windows placed between the great flutings in the columns. The arrangement of these rooms in the columns is shown in the ground plan, which is illustrated on the "Clubman" page. Surmounting the four pillars are thick capitals, lifting above them a square cornice 130 feet high, intended for rooms which will house the court library. Upon the cornice is the centre pedestal, with its massive consoles acting as buttresses, and carried by the great columns. This pedestal forms the base for the statue of Justice, and supports American Eagles, the emblems of Liberty. The pedestal is 144 feet high, and in it are the chambers of the Judges.

Above the building is the statue of Justice, 192 feet in height. In her uplifted right hand she holds the scales of justice. Above it she also supports the Roman torch, which rises to a height of 1064 feet above the street-level. This torch really constitutes the smoke-stack, or chimney, for all the engines in the building, required for heating, lighting, and other purposes, including the running of twenty-six lifts. At night the torch will be illuminated with a ten-foot flame formed by numerous electric-lights arranged on automatic switches to produce a realistic flickering effect.

This torch is many times larger, and 350 feet higher, than the one on the Metropolitan Tower, which is now the highest in the city. It will be visible throughout the whole of Manhattan, for a long distance in New York, Long Island, New Jersey, and Connecticut; while at the same time it will serve as a beacon-light for vessels and the first indication of land for ships far out at sea. The statue of Justice, which is, naturally, represented as blindfolded, is draped in the white robes of purity. It rises so high above everything in the city that even the highest buildings would seem to be crouching at its feet, while it typifies the exalted position Justice should hold in the land.

Through a regrettable error, the description under the drawing of a mantle on "Woman's Ways" page last week gave the address of the firm where the original could be obtained as "Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Regent Street." It should have been "Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street." It may be mentioned that, as regards management, the two branches of this famous firm are entirely distinct.



AT A MEXICAN FLORAL FÊTE: AN ORIGINAL FIRST PRIZE WINNER.

At a recent fête in Mexico a section was devoted to the exhibition of floral cars, and an "Odol" car carried off the prize. There was a huge bottle made of white carnations, with the name on the side in letters of blue geraniums.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 12.

HOME RAILS.

OF late there has been some interest shown in the Home Railway Market, and the big improvement in gross traffics gives justification for the idea that the forthcoming dividend declarations will in many cases show improvement. Years ago, in these columns, we wrote that, in our opinion, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was not a too high return for an investor to expect if he took the risks which the holding of the Ordinary stocks of even the best English Rails involves; and although at the time such a return was supposed to be far above the possible, investors in such stocks as North-Western and Great Western even may expect to see something like it at present prices, if any reasonable amount of the increased takes finds its way to the profit-and-loss account.

COPPER.

We have been consulting some of the best authorities in the world of copper as to what the course of the metal's price will probably be, and they are badly baffled by the contradictory factors which prevail in that area. According to the statistics, the stocks on hand are ample to meet any normal requirements, and, at the same time, everything is being done to create an impression of scarcity. We know of actual instances, both in London and in Liverpool, where consumers have had copper dumped down in their warehouses for weeks in advance of the date for which the metal was bought. There is no doubt a lot of this kind of game going on, and yet the visible supplies do not diminish. The slump in Yankees cannot fail to react upon the Copper Market, and we are driven to the conclusion that the known circumstances point to a further fall in the price of the metal. Of all the Copper issues, Mount Lyells are the only shares we should care to be a bull of at the moment.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"What with a Rubber boom and a Yankee slump, the present year means to distinguish itself as no mean period," ruminated The Broker.

"All our cheap-money hopes blasted and ruined by a miserable American panic," groaned The Jobber.

"Money is cheap enough," The Banker urged.

"I mean that all the hopes we had raised on the expectation of cheap money are ruined by the bla—I mean, blasted by the ruined wreck—oh, you know what I mean. Don't split hairs."

"Can't you see he's unhappy?" cried The Engineer. "Leave the poor beggar alone."

"When I want sympathy, I'll come and ask you for it," retorted the sore-headed one. "My pain is for the public and the Stock Exchange—not for my own pitiful affairs."

"Noble altruist!" The City Editor applauded. "I must really write a par. around you."

"I think he's more like an eighth discount than par," The Engineer rallied him. "Cheer up, old Sixty-Fourth! Soon be dead!"

"So will you, if you don't keep a civil tongue beneath your shining pate—"

"Now we're getting almost personal, I fear," The Banker interposed, "and it seems a thousand pities to be that when money at last is cheap."

"Cheap money be—"

"Not at all," The Broker interrupted him. "If the slump in Yankees had to take place, it is much better for it to come just when nobody is doing any trade, and when money gives no cause for added difficulty."

"I must say, speaking for myself," The Banker said, "that we ought to have anticipated some crash if we had diligently studied the Railroad Bill when the provisions were published."

"Personally, I only saw casual references to them," admitted The Broker.

"Well, the *Economist* had some very useful and illuminating articles on the subject some few weeks back, and if we had realised what they clearly preached, I think we should have had some of our friends selling their American shares before the big fall came."

"I suppose the market will right itself again?"

"Of course," declared The Jobber with conviction. "Look how they have rallied on the drop. The bears had quite as much to do with this as your New York banks with their recall of loan money, and the uncovering of stop orders, and the like."

"It made markets generally look pretty sick," remarked The Broker.

"Naturally, because there is nothing doing, and the Stock Exchange is like a flock of sheep—must go and rush the same way as the market of the moment does." And The City Editor looked quite pleased with himself.

"This drop in Trunks I don't like at all," The Merchant told them. "I bought some of the stock much higher up, and now I don't know whether I ought to sell or buy more."

"Only a fool sells in a flat market—only a wise man buys in one," moralised The Broker.

"I shall have a dash at Trunk Thirds if they go much lower," said The Engineer. "There's certain to be a reaction sooner or later."

"Is it not advisable to put one's money into dividend-payers, however speculative?" suggested The Banker. "I prefer to have

my modest gambles in such shares as make some sort of return on the money."

"Trunk Thirds will get a dividend again some day, I suppose," replied The Engineer.

"Nevertheless our Sage of Lombard Street"—The Banker bowed—"is right," declared The Jobber. "Unless the dividends come to an abrupt end you do stand more chance of making money, and the dividends mount up at compound interest."

"Wolluters are a good buy, then," said The City Editor. "There you have a mine with a long life, doing well and paying dividends at the rate of ten per cent. on your money."

"An apt illustration," The Banker told him. "A speculation, of course, and one that I know nothing about. But you have embraced my idea."

One or two of the others sternly repressed the temptation to smile at their own thoughts.

"What an evil habit punning is!" remarked The Jobber, with an inconsequence more apparent than real. "Now if—"

"Upon my word," cut in The Merchant, "I do believe that Rubber's the best market to deal in, even now. Good shares, I mean."

"There's the Yankee slump," The City Editor reminded him. "Don't forget that the United States take the bulk of the world's rubber supply, and if any sort of financial crash occurs over there, we are bound to see the demand for rubber contract very considerably."

"Better write a par. round that," The Jobber loftily advised him. "It sounds journaleesy enough."

"All the same, it's a factor," The Merchant acknowledged. "And if Yankees are in for a real live panic—"

"It means that the affair will be over all the sooner," The Broker added.

"Leaving a nasty taste in the mouth of the speculative disposition for, possibly, months," concluded The Merchant.

The Jobber had alighted before the train stopped, and, misjudging the speed, all but knocked down a young lady standing on the platform. He held out both arms to save himself and her.

The others looked on, half-alarmed, half-amused. Then they all laughed.

"He has done it again," said The Engineer to The Banker—"but it's another i-dear he has embraced this time."

ANGLO-CYLON AND GENERAL ESTATES.

The excellence of the report of the *Anglo-Ceylon and General Estates Company* is not altogether apparent on the surface, and probably for this reason has not attracted as much attention as it would otherwise have done. Most people probably think that the Company has had a good year "because there has been a Rubber boom," and that a repetition of such results cannot be counted upon. An analysis of the figures of the report shows that such an opinion is altogether erroneous. The net profit of the year, after allowance has been made for depreciation and all outgoings, is £111,331. This total includes an item of £15,728 derived from "Interest, dividends, and commission in London," and only a portion of this item is derived from dividends on the Company's holdings in rubber shares. The profits from the Company's tea estates in Ceylon and sugar estates in Mauritius amounted to over £87,000, so that there would have been no difficulty in paying the 25 per cent. dividend, even if the Company had not made a penny of profit from its rubber holdings. It must not be assumed that the return from its holding in rubber shares will continue to bear this small proportion to the total profits. For the current year, on a very moderate computation, the dividends from the holdings in rubber shares only should amount to at least £40,000, so that a further 10 per cent. may be expected in dividend from this source alone. The prospects for tea and sugar for the current year are excellent, and on these points more information will, no doubt, be available at the annual meeting next Thursday; but the items in the balance-sheet which will arouse the greatest curiosity from the shareholders are—

"Shares in Companies, £51,478."

"Cash on deposit and in hand, £145,818 18s. 9d."

In the last report, "Shares in Companies" stood at £17,000, and the Company held 17,000 Bukit Rajah shares and 12,000 North Hummock shares; at the present time, the Company's holding of Rubber shares consists of 12,000 Bukit Rajah, 450 Seafield, and 11,800 North Hummock shares. As to what other shares have been bought to make up the increase in the nominal value of "shares in Companies" from £17,000 to £51,000 nothing is said in the report, but information should be forthcoming at the meeting. It will be seen that about 4000 Bukit Rajah shares have been sold this year, and the huge profit made is included in the item of £145,000 "cash on deposit and in hand." Nothing is said in the report as to the Board's intention as to the disposal of this large sum. The Auditors point out in their report that the valuation, £51,478 for shares in other Companies is very considerably below market value. This is a moderate way of stating the facts, for the value of the Rubber share holdings alone, as given above, amounts to £307,475.

	Present Price.	
12,000 Bukit Rajah at	19	= £245,100
11,800 North Hummock at	$4\frac{1}{4}$ pm.	= £59,000
450 Seafield, at	$7\frac{3}{4}$	= £3,375
		<u>£307,475</u>

Including this sum with the cash in hand, the investments in Trustee securities, etc., the Company has about £500,000 of liquid assets, equal to £2 per share, so that on the present market valuation of £4 the income from tea and sugar is valued at about six years' purchase. There can be little doubt that the shares are worth over £5 to-day, and I advise your readers who are shareholders to hold them for considerably over that figure. Q.

THREE HANDY BOOKS.

Mr. Walter Skinner has just published, at the moderate price of a shilling, a handy little book which he calls "The Oil, Petroleum, and Bitumen Manual," dealing with nearly three hundred Companies, and capital amounting to £58,000,000. The book, like all Mr. Skinner's work, is well done and up to date, and should be of great use to all investors or speculators who have taken, or are thinking of taking, a hand in Oil shares. The book contains a list of directors connected with Oil, Petroleum, or Bitumen, and the Companies with which they are associated.

"Round Rhodesia."—Under this title Mr. Broomhead has published a handy little volume, bound in cloth, at 2s. 6d. net. The

book is a companion volume to his previously issued "Round the Rand," which we reviewed in this column when it came out. The little book gives an excellent summary of the Rhodesian Mining and Finance Companies, with all information brought up to date, and also contains a useful supplement dealing with the chief Rand groups, and the latest developments so far as they are known from sources official or otherwise.

"The Investors' Handy Book" is a useful compilation, published at a shilling by the General Securities Corporation, Ltd., and professing to deal only with the most active securities known to the market. It is well done, and contains tables giving the highest and lowest prices for five years, the earnings over the same period and up to date, with very interesting little histories of the various Railway, Mining, and other Companies whose shares and securities are dealt with.

Saturday, July 2, 1910

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

ANT.—(1) The shares are unsaleable—at least, we cannot get any price. (2) Sanitas shares or Mellin's Food for Australia Preference shares would suit.

ANXIOUS.—The Rubber Company is quite a sound one, but will not produce much before 1913. Mount Austins are as cheap as anything in that market, and you would not hurt to buy a few.

N. B.—We have had our say on the Law Guarantee case (see Issue of the 22nd ult.), and have nothing to add. If the creditors will allow the assets to be spent on a public inquiry, it would be interesting and provide splendid copy for the evening papers.

E. G. P.—The following might suit you for the £5000. Distribute the money equally. (1) Leopoldina 5½ per cent. Preference, at about 107; (2) Pernambuco 5 per cent. bonds, at, say, 94½; (3) International Trust 4½ per cent. Preference, at 93; (4) San Paulo Railway Ordinary stock at 207; (5) United of Havana 5 per cent. Preference, at 102. All round, you will get over 5 per cent. on your money.

E. R.—Hold, and next time they go to 200, sell.

ANTONIO.—Write to the Company, and ask the surrender values. This will give you about the sale price; or write to Messrs. Foster and Cranfield, of 6, The Poultry, E.C., and ask what they think they can get for the policy at auction. We expect about £45.

PROPRIETARY.—(1) No. It referred to Wahi. We think (1), (2), and (3) are worth holding for investment, but will make inquiries as to market, etc.

W. A. G.—Neither would suit us for our own money. The Rubber Investor has nothing to do with *The Sketch*. The address is Mincing Lane House, E.C., if you want to order it.

THE DOMINION SAWMILLS AND TIMBER, LTD.—In reference to this recent issue, we are informed that the whole of the £800,000 offered was underwritten. The underwriters of £150,000 were entirely relieved, owing to the fact that they had put in firm applications. Including the public, the applications received amounted to £450,000. The allotment letters numbered some 1500, and

there is a ready market in the bonds, at a price showing a substantial profit to the underwriters, which is evidence of how a sound bond will be taken by the public.

THE BRITISH AND MEXICAN TRUST COMPANY, LTD., announce that arrangements have been made for the reorganisation of the Mexican National Packing Company as a British enterprise under the direction of important Smithfield interests, among whom are the well-known firms of Messrs. Van den Bergh, Messrs. W. and J. Biggerstaff, and Messrs. Poels and Brewster, who, through their own expert, have made a careful study of the business and its prospects in Mexico, and whose estimate of profits is set out in the circular announcing the reorganisation. The plan, as announced, has the full sanction of Mr. John W. de Kay, the President of the Packing Company, and holders of the securities of the Packing Company may obtain particulars of the reorganisation on application to the British and Mexican Trust Company, Ltd., Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

AFRICAN FREEHOLD COAL LANDS.—The price of these shares is now about 4s. 9d., and it is stated that the possibilities of a rise are very considerable; and, further, that a good dividend will be paid at the end of the present financial year. It is considered, therefore, that they are a very cheap purchase, either for investment or speculation. As was stated at the recent meeting, the profits for 1911 are expected to amount to about £30,000, or fully 25 per cent. The Company possesses extensive properties other than the colliery.

THE ROM TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY.—The Rubber Market continues to exhibit strength despite the influence of the Yankee and other markets. Shares with actual, and not merely shadowy, merits are, as a consequence, in good demand, and, among others, there are the Rom Tyre and Rubbers at 20s. 9d. each for £1 share. When a Company manufacturing an article in world-wide demand is also in a position for cheaply producing its own raw material the prospects of big net profits are great; hence the buying of Rom Tyres by investors as well as by speculators.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Salisbury, Night Rider may win the Hurstbourne Stakes, Accurate the Bibury Cup, Lester Ash the Bibury Stakes, and Chelys colt the Champagne Stakes. At Pontefract, the West Riding Produce Stakes may be won by Pintade and the Great West Riding Handicap by Buckhorse. At Lingfield I like these: Oak Tree Handicap, Spikenard; Lingfield Park Stakes, Sycamore; Great Foal Plate, Nicola. At Haydock, Melayr may win the Great Central Handicap, Foot Guard the July Plate, and Gera the Old Newton Cup.

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of
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EUSTON TO THE BORDER IN SIX HOURS.

£1000 INSURANCE. See Page b.

SUPPLEMENT: Pavlova—Miss Maggie Teyte—Miss Elizabeth Firth—Mr. W. H. Berry—Miss Chrissie Bell—"The Girl in the Train," at the Vaudeville—Miss Phyllis Dare and Mr. Huntley Wright.
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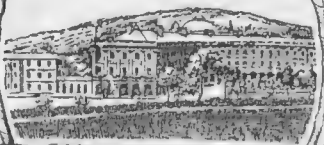
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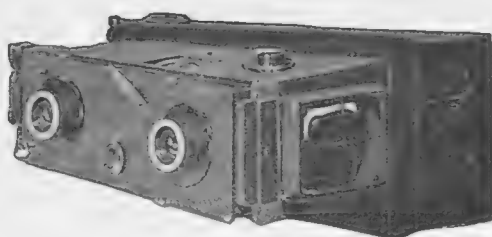
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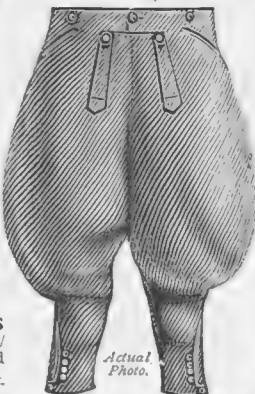
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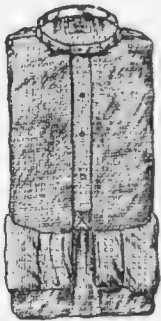
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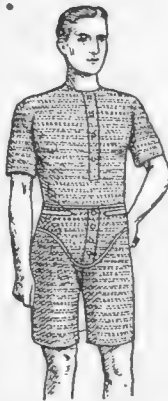
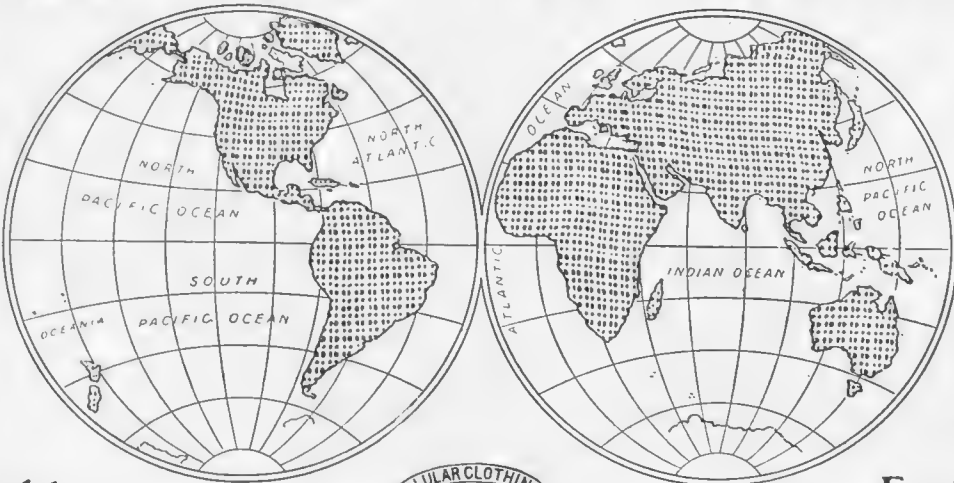
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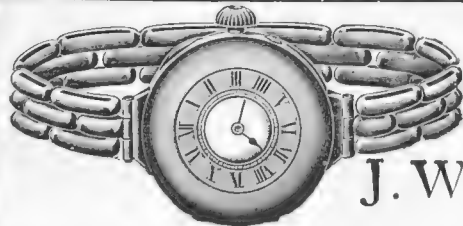
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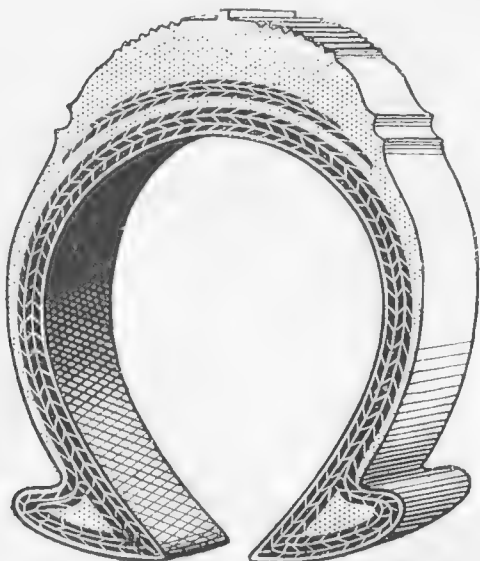
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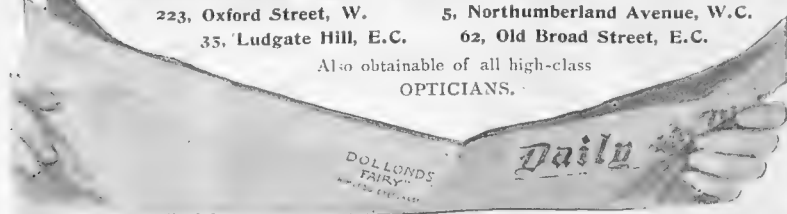
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Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap can be had of your regular chemist, or direct from the Zam-Buk Mfg. Co., 45, Cow Cross Street, London, E.C. Prices 1/- per cake, or 2/6 per box of three cakes. On receipt of a penny stamp and mention of the July 6 "Sketch," the Zam-Buk Co., Greek Street, Leeds, will send you a dainty trial tablet.



FREE SAMPLE
ON
APPLICATION.



With fish—

Whether the daily menu may embrace
The kingly sturgeon, or the humble plaice.
Who'er with BRAND'S, shall dignify the dish
Is dining always on a Royal fish

BRAND'S SAUCE

A FREE SAMPLE sent on receipt of 2d. stamps to cover postage, etc.

MAYFAIR WORKS, 78, South Lambeth Road, London, S.W.

CLEAN
your teeth with
CALVERT'S
Carbolic Tooth Powder.

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS IT.

Tins, 6d., 1/-, 1/6, and (1 lb.) 5/-.

Sprinkler-top glass jar, 1/- net.

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The olive-tinted skins of Spain's fair Daughters have a rare Beauty that is without parallel on the Continent.

A few drops of pure "4711" Eau de Cologne used daily in the basin moistens and preserves the skin from the keenness of the night winds and the glare of the sun.

The Blue & Gold labelled "No. 4711" is pure.

Beware of Imitations!

Sold by all dealers in high class Perfumery.

Try the 1s. 6d. box of No. "4711" Eau de Cologne Soap.

J. W. Benson Ltd.
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AND 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



Diamonds and Pearls,
£37 10s.



Pearls and Diamonds,
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"The Times"
system of
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Aquamarine, Pearl and Diamonds,
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Oldest Emblem of Good Luck in the World.



RECEIVED 471246
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Diamonds, £32 10s.

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Hunyadi János

The Best Natural Aperient
Water for sluggish bowels.
Brings relief in the natural
easy way. Speedy, sure
and gentle. Try a bottle—
and drink half a glass on
arising, before breakfast, for

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THE LEADING DYERS & DRY CLEANERS
PLYMOUTH.

West End Office: 75, DUKE ST. GROSVENOR SQ.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY,
Horse and Sheep
Show,
AUGUST, 23, 24, 25, 26.



Prizes Value over £3000.

Entries close for Horses on July 21 (Single Fees), and on July 23 (Double Fees). Entries for Sheep close finally on July 14. For particulars apply to the Agricultural Superintendent, Leinster House, Dublin.

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Silence—Safety—Speed

Car luxury and efficiency are present in perfected form in the Lanchester. Its wide wheel-base, low-hung body and effective control make it, too, the safest of all cars.

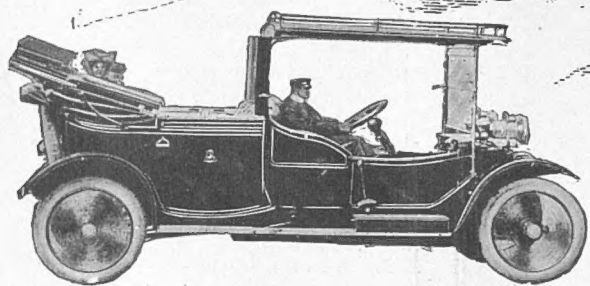
Entirely free from vibration, it runs always smoothly and well—and is so fitted and upholstered that comfort is assured. Special features appealing with particular force to ladies are the low step, wide door, and roomy tonneau.

Simple—easy running—reliable—economical—it is the car to use in town and country

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Offices, Main Works, Birmingham.



If Kummel has displeased you, it is because you did not get *real* Kummel. The only original Kummel has been made since 1823 at Allasch, in Livonia—and is still made there.

This Allasch Kummel is the Kummel you ought to insist on having. Ask for

J. A. MENTZENDORFF & CO.'S

ALLASCH KUMMEL

But note—none genuine without the signature

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Vallora Cigarettes

(Blended with Old Noted Dubecs.)

The finest cigarettes obtainable in London. Smokers who like something superior should send for sample box,

Price 6d., stating quality.

Extra Fine, Extra,
Egyptian Grade or Virginia—
5/- to 9/6 per 100.

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For
RELIABILITY
IN CARTRIDGES
see that name.

The accuracy, the unfailing satisfaction afforded by ELEY Cartridges are known to sportsmen everywhere—their superiority under all conditions is beyond challenge.

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—the cartridge for wet weather, and wherever damp is present. Absolutely waterproof. Loaded 33 grs. of a specially selected smokeless powder and 1 1/8 ozs. of shot.

ELEY 'ZENITH'

Another favourite—deep shell, gastight, loaded 33 grs. smokeless powder and 1 1/8 ozs. shot.



Of all
Dealers
and
Gun-
makers,
Eley Bros.
Ltd.
London

MEXICAN NATIONAL PACKING COMPANY.

(Incorporated under the Laws of New Jersey, U.S.A.)

REORGANISATION.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made having for their object the reorganisation of the Mexican National Packing Company as an English Company incorporated under the English Companies Acts, which is to be managed by the Packing House Development Company, Ltd., which is directly under the control and management of Messrs. Van den Berghs, with Messrs. W. and J. Biggerstaff and Messrs. Poels and Brewster, and these firms have made a careful investigation through their own expert in Mexico into the prospects of the business. Their expert estimates that under their control, and with the new capital, the English Company will realise the following profits—

For the first year	£125,000
„ second year	175,000
„ third year	200,000
„ fourth year	250,000

The Plan of Reorganisation has the full approval of Mr. John W. De Kay, the President of the Mexican National Packing Company.

The Capital of the new Company will be—

£1,700,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and

£750,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

The Preference Shares will be preferential as to capital, and after payment of a non-cumulative dividend of 6 per cent. to the Ordinary Shareholders, will be entitled, in addition to their 6 per cent. Cumulative Dividend, to rank *pari passu* with the Ordinary Shareholders in respect to the remaining profits of the business available for distribution.

The rights of the outstanding £500,000 Rastro Debentures of the Packing Company are recognised by the creation of Second Mortgage Income Debenture Stock to the extent of £300,000, bearing cumulative interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and secured as to both capital and interest on the whole undertaking, including the Rastro in the City of Mexico, and the Concessions connected therewith, after the First Mortgage bonds, but before the Preference shares of the new Company, but having no rights of foreclosure for the first five years, as set out in the Plan of Reorganisation.

Assenting Rastro Debenture-holders will be entitled to receive, as set out in the Plan of Reorganisation, in respect of each £100 of their Rastro Debentures, £60 of the 6 per cent. Second Mortgage Income Debenture stock and £40 of the Participating Preference shares. Assenting holders of the 6 per cent. Gold bonds of the Packing Company will be entitled to receive, in exchange of each 100 dols. of such bonds, £20 sterling of the said Participating Preference shares above referred to.

All Debenture and bond holders of the Packing Company who assent to the Plan of Reorganisation will, at the time of exchange, be paid in cash the interest on the Debentures and bonds held by them up to the date when the securities of the new Company are ready for such exchange.

The assenting holders of the Preference and Ordinary shares of the Packing Company will be entitled to receive £2 10s. of the Ordinary shares of the new Company in exchange for each one share of 100 dols. of the Packing Company.

The additional capital required for the working capital of the undertaking and for the cost of carrying through the reorganisation will be provided by the creation of an authorised issue of £1,000,000 5 per Cent. First Mortgage bonds, redeemable in twenty years, and secured by a first charge upon the whole of the undertaking of the new Company. Arrangements have been made for the issuance of an amount not exceeding £600,000 of these bonds to net the new Company 80 per cent. of their par value, after paying the cost of stamping, printing, underwriting, and issuing. The remaining £400,000 cannot be issued except with the consent of the new Company in General Meeting.

All of the remaining holders of Rastro Debentures, 6 per Cent. Consolidated Gold bonds, and Preference and Ordinary stock of the Packing Company, who wish to concur in this Plan of Reorganisation, are invited to deposit their Securities, on or before July 30, 1910, with the Bankers to the British and Mexican Trust Company, Ltd., Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co., 67, Lombard Street, London, E.C., against which they will receive certificates of deposit entitling them in due course to receive—

(1) The amount of Mortgage Debentures, or Preference or Ordinary shares in the new Company, and

(2) The interest (in cash) which shall have accrued due in respect of the bonds and, or, Debentures up to the date at which such new securities are ready for exchange—

Or, failing the completion of the reorganisation, the return of their Bonds, Debentures, or Shares.

Copies of the Plan of Reorganisation may be obtained at the office of THE BRITISH AND MEXICAN TRUST COMPANY, LTD., WINCHESTER HOUSE, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

London, June 30, 1910.



THE PERMANENT REMOVAL OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

A Lady Will Give You Her Secret Free.

For years I have searched for a simple and satisfactory way to remove superfluous hair from the skin, so that it would not return. Experiments proved to me that the various pastes, powders, depilatories, electrical appliances, etc. now on the market were often injurious, and not lasting in their effects. At last I discovered a plan which succeeded in producing marvellous, permanent results where all others failed. A fashionable Parisian lady who followed my advice says: "My face is now soft and smooth, and no one would ever think it had been disfigured by a growth of superfluous hair." Others write: "It seems too good to be true." Well, the test will tell. No matter how much or how little superfluous hair is on your face, neck, arms, or body, I am confident that you can now remove it, permanently, and with perfect safety. I will send full information regarding the secret of my discovery absolutely free to every woman who writes at once, but this offer is limited to a short time only, so do not delay if you wish to benefit FREE. Address: KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 459), 85, Great Portland Street, London, W., and you will receive full particulars by return post in a plain sealed envelope.

Osborne, Bauer & Cheeseman's "INCOMPARABLE SMELLING SALTS"



As supplied to her late Majesty Queen Victoria and the Royal Courts of Europe.

The perfume is Specially Distilled for these Salts. Invaluable in Hot Assemblies. Of Great Value in the Sick Room. Always Refreshing. The Best Companion at Church, Chapel, Ball, Theatre, or any Heated Assembly.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Bottles, 9d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s.; Wire-covered, 1s. 3d., and 2s., or post free for stamps from

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN, 19, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W. Where a large assortment of Mounted Bottles can be obtained.

"SIRRAM."

The "Sirram" Tea and Luncheon Baskets are a necessity to all holiday makers. They include every utensil needed for out-door parties.

The "Sirram" Stoves are guaranteed to boil quickly in a gale of wind or equally well under cover. Prices range from 3/-

As an example of the contents of one speciality basket:-



Block Tin Provision Box, Wicker-covered flask with best screw stopper, Enamelled Plates, Knives, Forks, and Spoons, Salt Jar, etc., also the Registered "Sirram" Spirit Stove and Stand Kettle. Tea infuser, Spirit Tin, Tea and Sugar Tin, Enamelled Cups and Saucers, and Plates, Butter Bowl, Cream Tin, complete for 14/6. Everyone should send for Illustrated Catalogue, giving full description of all "Sirram" Tea and Luncheon Basket specialities, which will be forwarded free of cost, together with name of nearest agent.

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Every Trunk kept in repair Free of Charge for Five Years, and replaced Gratis if beyond Repair. A guarantee to this effect given with each Article. Write for Booklet "All about Pukka Luggage," or in case of any difficulty in obtaining same write to—

THE PUKKA LUGGAGE Co.

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Who will forward the address of their nearest Agent.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

PREVENTS the Hair from falling off. RESTORES Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.

IS NOT A DYE.

Of all Chemists and Hairdressers, Price 3s. 6d. per Large Bottle.

Prepared only by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG Co., Ltd., 33, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d. 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.

Hinde's

Circumstances alter cases, Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

Real Hair Savers.

"THE chief object for which Tobacco was discovered was to keep the mouth occupied between meals."

At least, so says Mr. "Punch."

55

THE BEST "OCCUPIER" IS

PLAYER'S Navy Cut



Regd. No. 154011.

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EVERY TRUNK GUARANTEED.

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TO FRANCE, SPAIN, PORTUGAL.

PACIFIC LINE TRANSATLANTIC MAIL STRS.

11 DAYS } ORTEGA (Twin Screw), 7992 tons. July 14.

FOR £10 } Return Tickets valid six months. Illustrated Handbook on Application.

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LIVERPOOL } THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

MANCHESTER }

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

The Seductive
Straker-Squire.

Asked to recommend a really satisfactory medium-priced car which comes within the four-guineas tax scale, one would have to go far indeed to find anything better than the 15-h.p. Straker-Squire 1910 model. Every user of this car that I have come across speaks



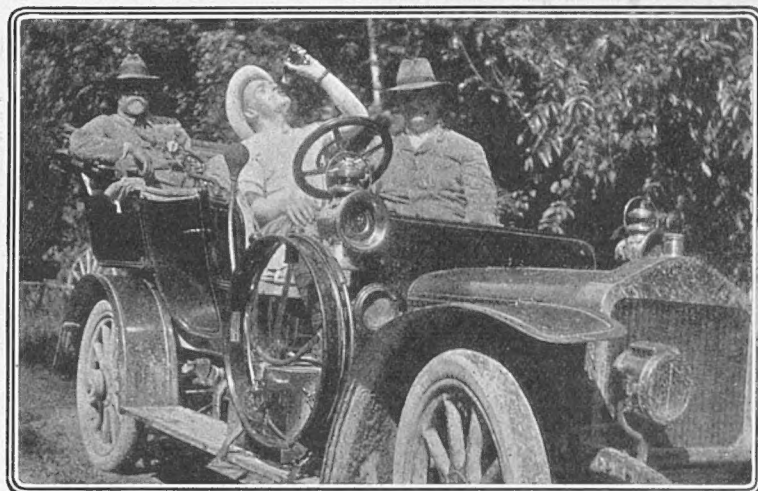
THE NEW MOTOR-BUS: THE DAIMLER K.P.L.

The first public demonstration of the new Daimler 'bus, known as the Daimler K.P.L. Omnibus, took place successfully the other day, when a party of Press representatives were conveyed from Coventry to Leamington via Kenilworth, returning via Stoneleigh.

in the highest terms of the sweetness, softness, quietude, and efficiency of the S.S. engine, and the general all-round satisfactory running of this favourite automobile. But even a cursory examination of the points of design goes far to show why this car owns so many friends. Consider first the engine-lubrication, in which the oil is forced from a filter-protected sump in the crank-chamber to the long crank-shaft bearings, and to the troughs in which the big-end scoops dip at each revolution. So long as the oil in the sump is kept at the proper level, no smoking, and consequently no cylinder-fouling can result. Also the distribution-gear is lubricated by forced jets. Then the accessibility and dismounting of the carburetter is both absolute and simple, while the petrol-supply is easily adjusted. The double band-brakes on the back wheels are protected by dust-covers, while the bands are adjusted by

simple coupling-nuts. The cam-shaft is solid with the cams, and a hardened, oscillating finger is introduced between cam and tappet, reducing noise to a minus quantity. The valve-stems are not weakened by slotting, and the valve-chambers are generously water-jacketed. Space prevents me from referring to all the points with which the S.S. bristles, but I have instanced enough to show the up-to-date character of the design and the consideration afforded it.

Cheap Re-treads. With rubber rising with the celerity of cork, the question of tyre-cost weighs ever more and more heavily with the shallow-pursed motorist. While the first expenditure for a tyre-cover and inner tube is enough and to spare, the precious-metal figure to which this curious sap has climbed makes the car-owner dread the thought of a re-tread almost as much as the purchase of a new cover. But here research has come to our aid, and in Almagam re-treads, which cost some fifty per cent. less than those of rubber, the wind is something tempered to the shorn motorist. It is held, and I have heard nothing to the contrary—rather, indeed, the reverse—that Almagam re-treads exhibit as long a life and give as much

ON A HOT DAY IN TRINIDAD: MOTORING IN THE ISLAND
ON A 15-H.P. STRAKER-SQUIRE.

satisfaction as the natural material. The proprietors inform me that their business increases daily, and that the work already done is bringing them repeat orders from motor agents and private car-owners all over the country.



THE GOODRICH FACTORY 1910

GOODRICH
MOTOR TYRES

THE CHOICE OF TYRES

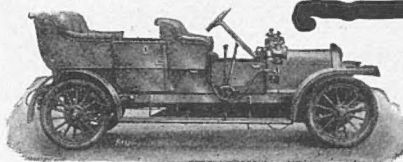
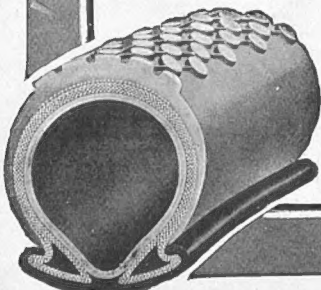
It is a singular thing that a man will spend six months choosing a car, and grudge six minutes to choosing the tyres for it. This is rather shortsighted, for tyre troubles are quite equal to car troubles, and tyre bills to car bills. Moreover, there is always a BEST somewhere. If by taking thought you can add a few hundred miles to your present tyre mileage, is it not worth the thinking? Our suggestion to you is that you collect a little evidence about

"The Goodrich Average."

There are many ways,
but the quickest is to

Specify

GOODRICH TYRES.

Manufactured by
THE B. F. GOODRICH CO., LTD.,
7, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

To have a Car which
gives entire satisfaction is
indeed a proud possession.

ARGYLL

(Regd.
Trade
Mark)

1910 Models

EVERY CAR
DELIVERED
BRINGS A
TESTIMONIAL.

"If good engineering work cannot come out of Scotland, whence may it be expected? I have been particularly taken with the new 15 hp. Argyll—a car that should certainly be inspected." Sketch, 10/11/09.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue '6' post free on application.

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THE NEW COMPOUND
FOR TREATMENT OF
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We are RE-TREADING MOTOR COVERS with
ALMAGAMISED RUBBER at prices about

60%

BELOW USUAL PRICES.

MESSRS. THE ALMAGAM CO.
Dear Sirs,—The two covers you re-treaded for me with Almagam at a cost of £1 4 8 each I am very pleased to say ran exceedingly well. One, which I have now taken off, ran a distance of 2750 miles, and then the cover burst. The tread was still in good condition, and had the cover not been weak would have had considerably more mileage. The other one I have still on my cab, and it has done 3050 miles, and looks fit to run the same distance again. This distance is registered by my taximeter; as you know, I run these tyres on my taxicabs. I have recommended several of my friends to you who have taxicabs, and I hope they will have as good luck as I have had myself. I will call and fetch the other two tyres when I am in your district.

Yours truly, W. J. DEAN.

Original can be inspected at the offices if desired.

Write for prices and particulars to **ALMAGAM CO.**

Sole Agents:
New Motor & General Rubber Co., Ltd.,
OLDEST FIRM OF MOTOR TYRE REPAIRERS.

374, EUSTON ROAD,
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